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THE NATION

January 17, 1966 . . 35c

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VIETNAM: MEANS & ENDS

Setting the Moral Equation

Howard Zinn

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THE OBSOLETE NEGRO

Robert G. Sherrill

RESEARCH: THE MIDAS TOUCH

Rep. Henry S. Reuss

In Search of Edmund Wilson

Frederick J. Hoffman

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LETTERS

Cable from Sihanouk

The Nation has received the following cable, forwarded to it by the Cambodian Mission to the United Nations:

I must express to you my most sincere gratitude for the understanding and objectivity which your magazine has shown toward my country and myself in the Nov. 29 issue. As the recent declaration of the State Department bears witness, the notable articles of Seymour Topping [in *The New York Times*] and the conclusions of the last report of the International Control Commission in Cambodia, which flatly absolve us of all charges of "connivance with the Vietcong" or "aggression against South Vietnam," have not stopped the U.S. Government from threatening to send troops into our territory in pursuit of a hypothetical Vietcong. The future is very gloomy for our country's peaceful and neutral nationalism. But thanks to some Americans of ability and heart, and to certain independent publications that dare come to the defense of a Cambodia, libeled and soon perhaps to be invaded, we shall not completely despair of the American nation. With high esteem,

Norodom Sihanouk
Chief of State, Cambodia

Mutilated masterpiece

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Sirs: Calvin Kentfield [*The Nation*, Nov. 22] calls the film, *Tokyo Olympiad*, a "disgrace, a barely passable piece of hack editorial work . . . shocking," and so the American prints may now well be. However, the original which Kon Ichikawa and his staff (of which I was one) completed was indeed the "masterpiece" of which the British press is at present writing. Our version is playing in London; the U.S. version was made by the American distributor. After all the vicissitudes and governmental complaints that the film weathered in Japan, it is ironic that it should be mutilated only in America.

Donald Richie

Misplaced zeal

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: When the historian searches into the possibilities of interracial and intercultural harmony, he has to offer more than a liberal polemic—which not only disguises the difficulty of the problem but actually dissolves the concreteness of human affairs into just those racist-imperialist categories for which presumably he seeks an alternative. . . . Alden T. Vaughan's *New England Frontier* makes a valuable contribution to a tough and skeptical liberalism. Professor Vaughan has revealed that in its fullness, the relationship of the early Puritan communities to their Indian neighbors involved something more than xenophobia and aggression, and that a particular set of institutions held the white settlers to a definite, and quite imperfect, measure of justice.

The fine liberal zeal of William Eastlake's review ["Kidding Our Puritan Conscience," *The Nation*, Jan. 3] is therefore as misplaced as doubtless it is morally admirable. In attempting to fix the history of early New England in the mold of noble savage versus Puritan aggressor, Mr. Eastlake reduces the whole question once more to its polemical terms, and withholds from us any tangible sense of the encounter between dissimilar peoples, with its intricate opportunities and dangers. The genuine eloquence of Mr. Eastlake belongs to the barricades; we will have to learn about the 17th century from Mr. Vaughan.

Thomas R. West, Ass't Professor
Michigan State University

Tools of liberty

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The Meiklejohn Civil Liberties Library is unique in subject matter and in conception. . . . It contains briefs, memos, reports, articles and nonlegal materials on almost 5,000 cases, most of them filed since 1950. The cases raise questions ranging from academic freedom to wire tapping. . . . We feel the library can make a significant contribution to the struggle to maintain the fundamental American freedoms by providing working tools to the legal profession.

We welcome collections of pamphlets, clippings, reports, articles, briefs, memos, transcripts and other materials on civil liberties cases. We welcome gifts of money, from $1 to $20,000, to build and maintain the collection and to make the library known to those who have use for it. (We have tax-exempt status.)

Ann Fagan Ginger, Marshall W. Krause, Prof. Ira M. Heyman, Directors, 1715 Francisco St.

Eye on Balliol

Gmunden, Austria

Dear Sirs: Talking of academic freedom, it is interesting to note that in England one of the oldest (founded 1262), most famous and, by any objective criteria, best of the Oxford University colleges, namely Balliol, recently elected a Marxist professor of history as its master. The retiring master is a true blue; the previous master was a Socialist, though a member of the House of Lords. Is Britain a reliable ally? *Peter Howard Bailey*

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The Peace Offensive

The most obvious thing about the Johnson peace offensive in Vietnam is that Mr. Johnson really would like to de-escalate the war—but without abandoning any of the objectives which brought about the escalation. He is in the quicksand up to his armpits and is grasping at whatever tufts of grass are within reach. If the peace offensive yields no results whatever, he may see no choice but to resume escalation, which means committing the country to a major war on the Asian land mass, a piece of military insanity which can help only the Chinese Reds. The statement that Washington is not issuing an ultimatum to Hanoi means only that some in Washington, including Mr. Johnson, are aware of the danger. An ultimatum is implicit in the situation, even though no time limit has been set. As *U.S. News & World Report* (January 10) puts it, the Communists have been given one more chance: "Open negotiations or get set for destruction." The January 4 statement from Hanoi indicates that the Communists construe the peace offensive in much the same terms, but do not think that the United States can, in General LeMay's dulcet phrase, bomb them back into the Stone Age. If they are bluffing, they must be admired for their nerve.

Despite his penchant for secrecy and intricate maneuver, one can discern several reasons why Mr. Johnson has initiated the peace offensive—aside, that is, from elementary prudence. When he sent his emissaries on the great flying circus, he had no way of knowing to what extent the North Vietnamese had been softened up by ten months of bombing. Though Mr. Johnson's nerves may be quite as good as Ho Chi Minh's, he probably hoped for a more favorable response than he got. But as far as the public and the press can tell, there has been no change in the American position. We are not dealing with the National Liberation Front, we are not recognizing its hold on a third or a half of South Vietnam, we have no intention of allowing the Communists any part in a future South Vietnamese government. These are the conditions securely lodged in the unconditional negotiations we keep proposing.

Domestically, it is fairly easy to read the signs. If escalation is to be resumed, it can be on any scale the high brass and Mr. Johnson desire, and the money will be forthcoming from Congress without question. The President can wring his hands and say, "I tried . . . Lord knows I tried." The Congressional debate that has been building up will have been effectively foreclosed. The doves will have had their wings clipped, as before at the time of the Johns Hopkins speech—which also covered an arms and manpower build-up. All this is low politics, but it is quite workable, and it is in the pattern that has previously served Mr. Johnson well in many diverse situations.

Is there any hope, then? Yes, some, if the peace forces have nerves as sound and resolution as steady as those of the combatants. And if they lack either, they belong in some other business. First, there is the chance that some diplomatic maneuvers, secret and therefore possibly efficacious, are going on behind the Madison Avenue front of the peace offensive. Second, Hanoi's uncompromising reply does not preclude a beginning of de-escalation on its part, by smoke signals which can be read in Washington, or other suitably obscure means. In theory, there is nothing to prevent a subsidence of the conflict without formal agreement and without loss of face by either side.

In any event, the duty of the would-be peacemakers is plain. Win, lose or draw, they must keep pressing unremittingly for a settlement. They must keep raising hell with their Congressmen and doing everything they have been doing, only more so. And they are not alone. The public opinion polls may show that Mr. Johnson has 99.5 per cent of America ostensibly behind him, but this war is unpopular, the public is deeply concerned, and conventional patriotism is hemorrhaging internally. Let the summer soldiers of peace quit the struggle. Plenty of others will stick through the winter, for the sake of an America that will not feel and act as if it were itself in the Stone Age.

Not So Dark

Bret Harte wrote: "That for ways that are dark/ And for tricks that are vain/The heathen Chinee is peculiar." Harte was writing in the context of the Californian hatred of the yellow man, which was in direct proportion to his exploitation by the white Californians, but this notion of the inscrutability and innate meanness of the Chinese has by no means died out. It underlies a recurrent note: Why are the Chinese so obdurate? Why can't they "read" us? Don't they realize that our intentions are good, that we covet no one's territory, that our own and other peoples' freedom is our only goal?

But from China it looks very different. "Incredible though it may seem to Americans," William K. Wyant, Jr., writes in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "the Red Chinese are behaving as though they believe they are threatened by an attack from the United States." Incredible? Well, let's see.

After the Chinese Reds came to power, we did the following:

(*1*) Refused to recognize the regime, urged others not to do so, and at the time of the Korean War interposed the Seventh Fleet between the mainland and Formosa.

(2) By our actions, consistently took the position

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that—World War II declarations to the contrary—Formosa is not part of mainland China. (In fact, our man, Chiang Kai-shek, argues that mainland China is part of Formosa.)

(3) Made Formosa into a naval and air base, one of the strongest in the world, and entered into an alliance with Chiang which was backed up by a Senate resolution.

(4) Gave Chiang military and economic aid, to hold offshore islands in the very mouth of the Chinese harbor of Amoy, to maintain constant aerial surveillance over the mainland, and to keep threatening to restore his sovereignty there by force of arms. General Eisenhower, while standing for the Presidency, announced his intention to "unleash" Chiang.

(5) Consistently spearheaded the fight to keep China out of the United Nations—it would have been admitted long since but for our hostility. The widely accepted belief that China would not accept membership has been knocked down most effectively by Robert Elegant of the *Los Angeles Times*; he says in essence that China would accept membership and wants it, but not on a "second-class" basis.

(6) Consistently tried to make it difficult for China to trade. We have done our utmost to put the quietus on all Chinese trade and cultural missions in Latin America, Africa and in all countries where arm-twisting or bribery could avail.

(7) Deliberately kept our people uninformed about China. With no more than a single exception, our journalists have not been permitted to travel there. When so hardheaded a historian as Hugh Trevor-Roper visits China and writes a generally critical, even hostile, report, but does say: "One man's aggression is another's defense," and adds that the danger of Chinese aggression is at present remote, only a few American newspapers carry the statement. But whatever makes the Chinese look like lunatic aggressors is headlined in the American press.

(8) Ringed China with bases (see map, p. 66, this issue), staged an enormous military build-up in South Vietnam and Thailand, maintained a huge army in South Korea, and solicited combat detachments from other Asian countries (currently the Philippines) and Australia.

Almost any week, the Chinese leaders can read in the U. S. press a blast by some high-ranking officer, active or retired, advocating bombing of their nuclear installations. They can also read public-opinion surveys indicating that almost half the Americans questioned would approve using nuclear weapons in Vietnam if the Chinese should join the fighting. They have also read reports of Messrs. Rusk and McNamara's speeches at the December NATO meeting, warning against China's nuclear potential and demanding European help in Vietnam.

Is the Chinese conviction that they are threatened by us so incredible? If we were on the receiving end, and the Chinese had the power to harm us that we have to harm them, we would have blown our tops long ago.

Collective Bargaining?

As this is written, the New York transit strike continues with no immediate prospect of an early settlement. Once again, the familiar plaintive query has been raised: why has collective bargaining failed? But it is the collective bargainers, not collective bargaining that is at fault in this instance; there has been all too little collective bargaining. The transit workers opened with an initial proposal that was far in excess of any "package" they might reasonably expect to receive. That is more or less standard procedure, but in this instance the opening demands were so astronomically high as to seem frivolous. Even so, the Transit Authority should have made a prompt counter-offer, if only to create the "aura" of collective bargaining. The Authority made no response until one day before the strike deadline.

By then the union's demands had been reduced, but by then, also, the merits of its case has been almost completely obscured by the histrionics of Mike Quill—his posturing, his arrogance, his gutter tactics—all of which came though with intolerable clarity on television. The mediators, experienced men, could act only within a framework of "voluntarism"; the parties had first to be willing to bargain in good faith, which neither seemed interested in doing, before the experts could help. Nor was the collective bargaining process furthered when an injunction was sought. The first effect was to arouse labor's ancient hostility to "labor injunctions." Quill's brief visit to jail did nothing to break the jam. Tough fines levied against the union's treasury would have been more to the point. Nor did Mayor Lindsay's in-again, out-again attitude expedite the bargaining; the proposition that he could not accept responsibility before taking office, sound enough in law, did not square with the realities.

But there is a more basic explanation for the failure of the collective bargaining. There has been very little genuine bargaining between the TWU and the TA these many years. "Political fixing," not collective bargaining, has been the rule. A series of carefully staged, artfully rehearsed sessions usually culminated in a cliff-hanger solution whereby, at the last moment, a general tie-up was averted. To some extent, this "fixing" formula has been unavoidable; a public agency, which operates under a specific grant of authority and with specific limitations, cannot bargain in precisely the same way as a private concern. But in New York the element of politics has become the main consideration, with the various major city employee groups in active competition and with the leaders of these groups being forced into an increasingly irrational position. Neither party to the transit dispute seemed to realize that time had run out on this makeshift bargaining, and both seemed surprised when the old routine did not work. Some new form of bargaining, tailored for public agencies, must be brought into being if the equities of city workers and the public interest are both to be safeguarded.

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Defense Without Competition

It is ironic that the U.S. Defense Department, the biggest buyer in what is supposed to be the most competitive nation in the world, consistently purchases more than 80 per cent of its merchandise without allowing formal competition through bids. How do the department's 15,000 purchasing agents do business? By "negotiated contracts" mostly. That—they insist—does not mean whim and favoritism. They will admit that they buy where and how they please, but J. M. Malloy, head of the Defense Department's purchasing division, has said very earnestly: "There is absolutely no politics in our buying program."

But neither is there much shopping around, and his assurances of politics-less buying, like much else that the Defense Department says, must be taken on faith. Almost all missile and aircraft contracts—the real plums of the defense budget—are awarded after "negotiations." That is the way Lockheed, which has led the pack in defense work for four years straight, won its recent $1.3 billion job to build fifty-eight of the new Air Force transport giants. It may have been a non-political (though highly arbitrary) decision, but the results of the decision will be very political indeed: since Lockheed's Georgia plant will get most of the money, Sen. Richard Russell will gather some gratitude votes when he runs next fall against Governor Carl Sanders, his strongest competition in years. The Defense Department has seventeen excuses for not accepting bids. Perhaps the most interesting is the catch-all excuse, "Impractical to Secure Competition by Formal Advertising," which it used last year to spend 14 per cent of its budget.

Every once in a while, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara puts out a pious statement about how he sure wants to increase competition. He was proud that last year his department pushed its competitive buying up to 17.6 per cent of the budget—a record!

The escalation of the Vietnam war has nicely deferred any further reform along that line. Lockheed, General Dynamics, McDonnell Aircraft, General Electric Co., North American Aviation—the top five prime defense contractors last year—and other great champions of private enterprise are safe once more from the specter, puny though it was, of being required to put their bids on record.

A Thousand Years Too Late

The threatened strike at St. John's University, called by the United Federation of College Teachers, will be a reality by the time this is in print, barring the unlikely possibility of a cave-in by either side in the controversy. St. John's, following a period of extremely rapid growth, is now the largest Catholic university in the United States. Shortly before the Christmas recess, more than thirty members of the faculty were summarily dismissed. The administration gave no reasons for this wholesale firing, either to the teachers or in response to repeated requests by the Federation, the press or by other interested parties. Attempts on the part of the city labor commissioner and others to mediate were rejected with a statement to the effect that this was a purely "academic matter," and that negotiation would therefore be "inappropriate."

For roughly a thousand years, from the 5th to the 15th centuries, education was the almost exclusive property of the Church; the ability to read and write, in fact, was confined for the most part to communities of religious, who were bound, as a condition of receiving this exclusive privilege, by vows of absolute obedience to their superiors. The notion of academic freedom, as understood today, would have been unthinkable in that milieu. Nevertheless, such scholarly communities preserved for us the history and literature of the Classical period. For this we are thankful.

But the president of a large modern university who discharges his professional colleagues out of hand, giving them neither hearing nor reason, is today both irrational and grotesque. To demand unquestioning obedience of college teachers, as though they were monks under the absolute authority of an abbot, is not merely out of date. It is a thousand years too late.

The Obsolete Negro . . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

The misery of the black men of Mississippi is reaching such proportions that the Johnson Administration's conscience could be measured once and for all according to its response to their needs. The Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches has predicted that between 10,000 and 12,000 Negro sharecroppers will be evicted this winter. The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party recently reported that, according to its best count, 2,000 are already homeless. On one plantation alone, 200 families—an estimated 1,000 persons — were turned out.

It is hardly necessary to add that these people, most of whom earned no more than $3 a day during crop time, have no savings, have nowhere to go, have little clothing and no food. Such help as they are getting comes mostly from other Negroes, who have little enough to share. One Negro farmer offered 40 acres of his place to any of these wanderers who want to set up tents and try to survive the winter there.

The New York Times reports tent cities going up in Alabama, too, especially in Lowndes County, where perhaps fifty families have been evicted for registering to vote.

New York Rep. Joseph Resnick went down to Mississippi and looked it over. He was a long way from his own district, but no one else

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would go and the Negroes pleaded with him to come. He found complaints were modest compared to the actual situation. In a letter to Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach he warns that the white people of Mississippi have set upon a calculated campaign to drive Negroes out of the state.

"In spite of the fact that this potential human disaster is well known in Mississippi," he writes, *"not one single state or federal employee or agency has made plans to cope with the extremely unfortunate situation.*

"These people will need temporary housing immediately to withstand a cold winter, with agricultural surplus foods delivered by federal authorities—as state authorities will not distribute them through the normal welfare department procedures or permit other agencies to do it for them."

That's the short-range goal. Long range, one sensible plan would seem to be to do everything possible to keep these people on the farm, but in such conditions that they earn more than slender subsistence. The alternative is to watch them drift inevitably into big-city slums.

Those Negroes who are still holding on to a place are convinced that they too will eventually be forced, by economics, into leaving unless they can have more of a voice in the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service Committee that determines who gets what crop allotments and farm loans.

Last year the Negroes organized in twenty-one counties of Mississippi and put up candidates of their own—enough candidates, in fact, to control the ASCS committees in each county. Thirty-two Negroes won positions in six counties, but only nineteen were voting delegates, and in no county did they come close to winning control of the committee. The whites outmaneuvered them, sometimes by cheating, sometimes by duplicity, sometimes by threat of violence.

The ASCS elections are conducted by mail. Many Negroes received envelopes containing no ballots. Many sharecroppers did not receive ballots because they were sent to their white plantation bosses instead. Some Negroes received ballots but their wives didn't (although they were entitled to vote). In addition, the whites tried to split the opposition vote by putting other Negroes on the ballot who did not want to serve and, in several instances, did not know they were running. One Negro who was so listed against his will is 73 years old, blind, has heart trouble, is illiterate, and could not possibly have served if he had been elected.

One Negro candidate was visited at midnight by a carload of white farmers who told him he'd better get off the ballot. Negro farmers who met in a church to map campaign strategy heard that they were going to be bombed. They notified the FBI, but without results. They stayed on anyway, one of their leaders setting the mood by declaring that he had decided to run for election against the white man who owned his land and his house because "I used to be afraid of the white man, but I've changed. There's one of two things I'm gonna be—either a living free man or a dead free man."

Now that the election is over and the Negroes are beaten again, the whites continue to get revenge. Roosevelt Sais, who was a candidate in 1964, and whose child is in an integrated school in Rolling Fork, was turned down when he tried to get a loan for wheat. He tried to get a loan for breaking land and was turned down again. He

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should have his land prepared now for this year, but doesn't, and can't. His equipment and cattle are mortgaged. He owes on his land. Many others, turned away by the white-dominated ASCS committee, are in the same bind.

Their desperation is such that Mrs. Ada Holliday, acting secretary of one Negro farmers' group in Clay County (where fraud in the elections was most evident), wrote Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, demanding a recount and adding in tones new to the dark citizens of Mississippi:

For the first time, Negro farmers are challenging the right of white men to dominate completely our lives. Because of the importance of the ASCS committee, we Negroes are willing to stake our lives, if necessary, to have a voice in this committee. The ASCS office will not run another year without us, and we will go to jail again if needed, to make our participation in the control of our livelihood a reality.

Significantly, she asked that Freeman have the allegations of vote fraud investigated by somebody other than the FBI, an organization which has been notably indifferent to Mississippi Negro appeals for fair play. Said Mrs. Holliday, "Our experience with the FBI has been that a federal payroll does nothing to change a man's heart."

Will the Department of Agriculture require a new, strictly supervised election? At this moment it is still "studying" the matter.

The ASCS elections were the main reason why Representative Resnick went to Mississippi, and he wrote Freeman shortly afterward: "The voting irregularities were so flagrant in the three counties I visited that I came away convinced that all other ASCS elections in Mississippi were being run on the same basis."

Aside from rigged elections, Resnick found that the FHA would lend money to white farmers to build houses but wouldn't lend to Negro farmers; that federal employees working for the Department of Agriculture refused to talk to Negro farmers on the phone, making them come into the office; that federal employees in Mississippi refuse to call Negroes by ordinary respectful titles; that federal farm agencies will help white farmers with their crops but won't help Negroes.

The rough treatment Negroes get from state agencies is something else again. "A farmer was fined $149 for transporting surplus food from a depot to the outlying plantations," Resnick said. "The state police claimed that he did not have the proper type license plate."

Resnick found also, as might be expected, that every piece of social legislation passed in the last two sessions of Congress, from the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to Headstart and other welfare programs, is being "repealed by non-enforcement."

All this and more Resnick has put in letters to Freeman, Katzenbach, President Johnson and Vice President Humphrey. So far there is no tangible sign that they have heard, or understood.

The Freedom Democratic Party has added its own appeals, complete with stacks of affidavits from displaced farmers, such as this from Fred Morganfield of Rolling Fork:

The day the bossman told me to move I'd been working and came in for dinner. Bossman said he had another family to move in (no one ever did) and that we'd have to be gone by next day. The same morning my wife had registered Joe and Lester in the white school in Rolling Fork. Three weeks before this the bossman took another son's pay ($9.75 for three and one-fourth days work) and put it on my debt. I said I didn't take my family's pay to pay my debt, but he took it anyway.

If the Morganfields don't like it, they can get out of the state. Machinery will take their place anyway.

Some believe that the Mississippi black man is not so dispirited that he will not, if pushed much further, fight back. Resnick came away thinking so. He has warned Katzenbach of the possibility of "a full-scale guerrilla war which would disgrace and shame us all." He is convinced that unless the Johnson Administration does something fast, "it is my terrible feeling that what happened in Watts will be a tea party compared to what will happen in Mississippi."

The Freedom Democratic Party, which is in much closer touch with the Negroes and which knows of that letter, has not disputed it.

The People Beneath the War . . . Raymond R. Coffey

Rep. Robert McClory (R., Ill.) was winding up a two-day visit to Vietnam when he was encountered one afternoon armed with a movie camera and loping down Saigon's Le Loi Boulevard in a late November downpour. One of the more obscure members of Illinois' Congressional delegation, McClory had dropped in for a firsthand look at the war as it can be seen from the well-traveled V.I.P. path being worn into the Vietnamese terrain these days.

Raymond R. Coffey has recently returned from a four-month reporting assignment in Vietnam for the Chicago Daily News.

"I find the [Vietnamese] people range from indifferent to hostile," McClory began as he came in out of the rain, joining a reporter in the shelter of an arcade. "But things are going well for us," he concluded. Though he appeared oblivious to the paradox in what he said, McClory had neatly stated one of the saddest facts of the war.

Everyone talks about this being a political war in which the key to victory is, as the weariest cliché in Saigon goes, to "win the hearts and minds of the people." And yet, as the fighting grows in scale and intensity, there appears to be more and more inclination to judge progress in military terms alone. What's happening to the Vietnamese people, what they're getting out of it all, and what they think about the war appears to be of ever diminishing concern.

The shooting war is coming to be such a full-time job that political and social problems get shuffled to the bottom of the pile. And, almost imperceptibly, people like McClory —and others with considerably more experience and responsibility in Saigon—develop the notion that the war can be going well even if the Vietnamese are indifferent, hostile, apathetic or unhappy. The fact is, the long-suffering people have

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been given little reason to support the government side of the war. The United States's goal, supposedly, is to guarantee them liberty and an opportunity to establish some kind of free and representative government. But if the shooting stopped tomorrow, the populace of Vietnam would still be stuck with a military dictatorship, a system that is astonishingly corrupt and incompetent.

It's probably true, as U.S. officials in Saigon insist, that the military is the only organization in the country capable of running a government in the current situation. It is also perhaps true that the last thing the country needs for a while is another coup. But it does seem that, with all the leverage our economic and military presence gives us, the United States should be able to lean on the Saigon government a lot harder to make it more responsive to and more concerned with the people.

The Vietcong are hardly popular heroes, despite what many of the anti-war demonstrators at home appear to think. They can be harsh and terroristic, they conscript labor and troops by force, they bleed the peasantry for rice and taxes. But they do, as one U.S. counterinsurgency expert in Saigon put it, have an "image of morality" and they do promise the people a better life, even if they haven't delivered. That puts them far ahead of the Saigon regime, with its generals roaring around in big black limousines and their wives getting rich by speculating in real estate near American bases.

Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, the jaunty little Air Force general who heads the present government, is considered to be personally honest and to have a genuine concern for his country. His own position, however, is precarious and he is trapped with very little personal power in a sick system that almost daily gives the people another reason to doubt in victory and its rewards.

Several weeks ago the U.S. mission pulled its aid representatives out of Binh Tuy Province on the basis of evidence that the province chief, a Lt. Col. Pham Dinh Chi, had diverted to his own uses a substantial amount of U.S. money. The aid men also had reportedly been threatened with death if they exposed the situation. Ky hemmed and hawed for weeks under U.S. pressures to oust Chi. Finally he did—but only to give him another post in the defense ministry where the pickings may be even better.

The government also talks a good game of political freedom. Ky informs student groups, for example, that they are free to discuss and criticize the government. Anyone who takes him at his word is looking for trouble. "We are not going to have seminars [demonstrations] in the streets," Ky says. One of Saigon's English-language newspapers was recently slapped with a five-day suspension because a censor decided that it was printing news stories comforting to the Vietcong. Anyone who shows promise of leadership or of developing a following is looked upon as a dangerous threat to the incumbents, instead of as an asset to a country that needs leaders as much as it needs peace.

Shortly before leaving Vietnam, I wrote a story about a political-social action project in one of Saigon's worst slum quarters. A small group of dedicated young army officers and government officials had persuaded Ky to let them try a new approach among the poor who are most vulnerable to the Vietcong and have the least reason to believe in the government. They had recruited hundreds of part-time student volunteers who were helping the people to build schools, establish dispensaries, organize hog-raising coops, even to hold unofficial hamlet elections to choose their own spokesmen. The project greatly interested the United States; it was a hopeful new effort to "win the hearts and minds of the people." Ky and U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge themselves had visited the project.

But less than twenty-four hours after the story about the project had gone through the government-run cable office, a young army lieutenant, who is one of the leaders of the project, was called upon by a representative of the national police and reprimanded for getting "too much personal publicity."

The Vietcong promise the people land reform and a better break in life. Now and then the Ky government talks about reforms, too, but mostly it simply lectures the people sternly about how it is everyone's duty to support the war and the government. No one bothers even to tell the people what they might expect in the way of improvement if and when the war ends.

"They [the government] don't trust the people," the young lieutenant who was reprimanded said. "The crisis in our country is that no one has confidence in anyone any more. We cannot have a [social] revolution just by changing the actors in the scenario. We must start at the bottom with the people." The people, according to the lieutenant, don't believe anything the government says. They want to see action—the kind of action they were getting from the student volunteers in the slum project—before they will start believing words again.

The most discouraging thing about the whole situation is that the government, from Saigon to the remotest district, is indifferent to what the people want or expect. Every province and district chief is appointed by Saigon and is a military man with command responsibilities, as well as civilian administrative duties. U.S. military and civilian representatives out in the country complain that often they have a hard time even getting their Vietnamese counterparts to stand around and look interested in village "civic action" programs, such as visits by American medical teams. The U.S. representatives take great pains to make it appear that such aid comes from and is arranged by the Vietnamese government. But their efforts are often futile because the local Vietnamese government man makes plain that he knows nothing about the program and cares less.

A U.S. adviser, giving one typical example, said that his district chief agreed to take part in a food and clothing distribution program only after he was permitted to take for his wife a few of the surplus WAC blouses that were to be distributed among the needy women of a village.

If, then, the job is winning over the people, it is a job that is going very badly. And, despite McClory and the U.S. military brass whose opinions he was obviously echoing, the military side of the war is not going a great deal better. It's perhaps true, as Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara says, that we've "stopped losing," but we're still a long, long way from winning, even militarily.

Astonishment is sometimes expressed that Hanoi does not seem exactly panting for the chance to negotiate. The reason seems plain enough: the other side is nowhere

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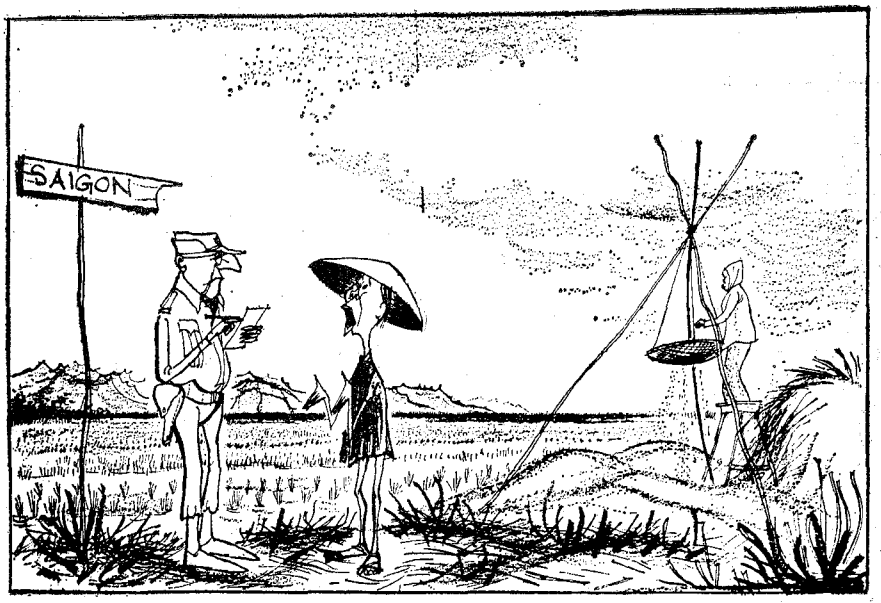
near convinced that it has lost all chances for victory. American and Vietnamese troops are inflicting tremendous casualties on the enemy. But our own losses are mounting and, despite the thousands of enemy soldiers killed in the past year, enemy strength has grown. The Vietcong now control a greater part of the countryside than they did a year ago. Thus the Saigon government is invisible and unknown in many areas of the country. How can people be persuaded to support something they can't even see, a government that offers them no security against the Vietcong?

The U.S. forces in Vietnam, now totaling around 200,000 men, are performing splendidly. They are brave, tough, resourceful, well motivated in battle. Beyond that, they generally exhibit more interest in and compassion for the people they're living amongst than does the Vietnamese government. The same, unhappily, cannot be said of the Vietnamese military. They continue to suffer many more casualties than do the Americans, and that indicates something about their willingness to fight. However, many of their casualties still result from an apathetic unwillingness to learn the lessons of guerrilla warfare, and from a lack of aggressiveness and leadership among their officers.

The officer corps is very weak, excessively occupied with keeping Saigon happy and inclined to duck a fight. Vietnamese commanders are always more than ready to break off an engagement in time to get back to camp for lunch. They tend to look upon their jeeps as something they have been given to get their kids to and from school. Beyond all this, it is a fact that Americans don't really trust the Vietnamese who fight beside them. American commanders privately complain that security is often compromised as soon as the Vietnamese are informed of a military operation.

Another factor that weighs against the "things are going well" judgment of McClory and others is the massive increase in enemy arms and men being infiltrated from the north. The enemy is no longer a ragtag bunch of poorly armed guerrillas wearing black pajamas and wondering where their next bowl of rice is coming from. In the recent major battles in the Ia Drang Valley, for example, the U.S. First Air Cavalry Division tangled with North Vietnamese regulars who were well equipped and well armed with Russian and Chinese weapons, including a high proportion of automatic weapons that can be deadly against low-flying aircraft. The enemy troops were carrying, in many cases, a basic load of 120 rounds of ammunition per man. That is more than a whole platoon of Vietcong guerrillas would often have in days not long past.



Tanner, Australian Bulletin: Ben Roth

"Sure I'm pro-Government—Which Government Do You Mean?"

The one great weapon we have that the enemy still lacks is air power. But air power, the way it is being used in this war, is not always an asset. There have been many calls for an end to the bombing of North Vietnam, but it appeared to some in Vietnam that a more urgent problem was restricting the "in-country" bombing of South Vietnam.

Our pilots have done a magnificent job of providing close air support for troops engaged with the enemy on the ground. And no one argues with the use of air power in those situations. However, there are also hundreds of air strikes every day against villages and other targets "suspected" of harboring the Vietcong in cases where there is no ground engagement. Thus one day just outside Saigon six Vietcong were reported seen among a string of thatch huts lining a canal. Hours later, long after the enemy had left, I rode along with a Forward Air Controller in a light Cessna who directed a flight of eight Skyraider dive bombers in an attack on the target. Four huts were destroyed, four were damaged and huge black craters were torn in the surrounding rice paddies. Should it take eight airplanes and thousands of pounds of bombs to knock out eight flimsy huts? And what evidence was there really that the huts and rice paddies were owned by the Vietcong?

On another day, a paratroop unit approaching a small village drew half a dozen rounds of small-arms sniper fire. The unit halted and called in an air and artillery strike that leveled the village. It seemed an extraordinary response to a few rounds of sniper fire, and one not likely to "win the hearts and minds" of any innocent civilians in the village.

Many of the Vietnamese jamming the refugee camps all over the country make clear that they came into the government areas not out of any particular fondness for the government and not to escape the Vietcong, but to get out from under our bombs. Top military authorities in Saigon say great care and discrimination is exercised in selecting targets. But some of the top counter-insurgency experts in the U.S. mission, and some of the advisers working out in the countryside, still believe the "in-country" bombings in some cases are hurting our cause among the uncommitted people.

But, as Congressman McClory's distressingly innocent comments made so discouragingly plain, there are people who somehow believe the war can be going well regardless of what the Vietnamese people think or feel or want.

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VIETNAM

SETTING THE MORAL EQUATION

Howard Zinn

When those of us who would make an end to the war speak passionately of "the moral issue" in Vietnam, only our friends seem to understand. The government continues to bomb fishing villages, shoot women, disfigure children by fire or explosion, while its policy brings no outcry of opposition from Hubert Humphrey, Oscar Handlin, Max Lerner or millions of others. And we wonder why.

The answer, I suggest, involves the corruption of means, the confusion of ends, the theory of the lesser evil, and the easy reversibility of moral indignation in a species which is aroused to violence by symbols. To explain all this, however, is to get involved in a discussion of dangerous questions, which many people in the protest movement avoid by talking earnestly and vacantly about "morality" in the abstract, or by burrowing energetically into military realities, legal repartee, negotiating positions and the tactics of "broad coalition." Yet it is only by discussing root questions of means and ends— questions such as violence, revolution and alternative social systems—that we can understand what it means to say there is "a moral issue" in Vietnam.

To start with, we ought to recognize the escalation of evil means during this century—a process in which few of us can claim innocence. What Hitler did was to extend the already approved doctrine of indiscriminate mass murder (10 million dead on the battlefields of World War I) to its logical end, and thus stretch further than ever before the limits of the tolerable. By killing one-third of the world's Jews, the Nazis diminished the horror of any atrocity that was separated by two degrees of fiendishness from theirs. (Discussing with one of my students Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, I asked if we were not all "deputies" today, watching the bombing of Vietnamese villages; she replied, no, because this is not as bad as what Hitler did.)

The Left still dodges the problem of violent means to achieve just ends. (This is not true of Herbert Marcuse and Barrington Moore in the book they have done with Robert Wolff: *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*. But it was so true of the Communists in the United States that the government, in the Smith Act trials, had to distort the facts in order to prove that the Communists would go as far as Thomas Jefferson in the use of revolutionary violence.) To ignore this question, both by avoiding controversy about comparative social systems as ends, and forgoing discussion of violence as a means, is to fail to create a rational basis for moral denunciation of our government's actions in Vietnam.

I would start such a discussion from the supposition that it is logically indefensible to hold to an absolutely nonviolent position, because it is at least theoretically conceivable that a small violence might be required to prevent a larger one. Those who are immediately offended by this statement should consider: World War II; the assassination attempt on Hitler; the American, French, Russian, Chinese, Cuban revolutions; possible armed revolt in South Africa; the case of Rhodesia; the Deacons in Louisiana. Keep in mind that many who support the war in Vietnam may do so on grounds which they believe similar to those used in the above cases.

The terrible thing is that once you stray from absolute nonviolence you open the door for the most shocking abuses. It is like distributing scalpels to an eager group, half of whom are surgeons and half butchers. But that is man's constant problem—how to release the truth without being devoured by it.

How can we tell butchers from surgeons, distinguish between a healing and a destructive act of violence? The first requirement is that our starting point must always be nonviolence, and that the burden of proof, therefore, is on the advocate of violence to show, with a high degree of probability, that he is justified. In modern American civilization, we demand unanimity among twelve citizens before we will condemn a single person to death, but we will destroy thousands of people on the most flimsy of political assumptions (like the domino theory of revolutionary contagion).

What proof should be required? I suggest four tests:

(1) Self-defense, against outside attackers or a counterrevolutionary force within, using no more violence than is needed to repel the attack, is justified. This covers that Negro housewife who several years ago in a little Georgia town, at home alone with her children, fired through the door at a gang of white men carrying guns and chains, killing one, after which the rest fled. It would sacrifice the Rhineland to Hitler in 1936, and even Austria (for the Austrians apparently preferred not to fight), but demands supporting the Loyalist government in Spain, and defending Czechoslovakia in 1938. And it applies to Vietnamese fighting against American attackers who hold the strings of a puppet government.

(2) Revolution is justified, for the purpose of overthrowing a deeply entrenched oppressive regime, unshakable by other means. Outside aid is permissible (because rebels, as in the American Revolution, are almost always at a disadvantage against the holders of power), but with the requirement that the manpower for the revolution be indigenous, for this in itself is a test of how popular the revolution is. This could cover the French, American, Mexican, Russian, Chinese, Cuban, Algerian cases. It would also cover the Vietcong rebellion. And a South African revolt, should it break out.

(3) Even if one of the above conditions is met, there is no moral justification for visiting violence on the innocent. Therefore, violence in self-defense or in revolution must be focused on the evildoers, and limited to that required to achieve the goal, resisting all arguments that extra violence might speed victory. This rules out the strategic bombing of German cities in World War II, the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; it rules out terrorism against civilians even in a just revolution. Violence even against the guilty, when undertaken for sheer revenge, is unwarranted, which rules out capital punishment for any crime. The requirement of

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focused violence makes nonsensical the equating of the killing of village chiefs in South Vietnam by the Vietcong and the bombing of hospitals by American fliers; yet the former is also unjustified if it is merely an act of terror or revenge and not specifically required for a change in the social conditions of the village.

(4) There is an additional factor which the conditions of modern warfare make urgent. Even if all three of the foregoing principles are met, there is a fourth which must be considered if violence is to be undertaken: the costs of self-defense or social change must not be so high, because of the intensity or the prolongation of violence, or because of the risk of proliferation, that the victory is not worth the cost. For the Soviets to defend Cuba from attack—though self-defense was called for—would not have been worth a general war; for the United States to defend Hungary from attack—though self-defense was called for—would not have been worth a general war. For China or Soviet Russia to aid the Vietcong with troops, though the Vietcong cause is just, would be wrong if it seriously risked a general war. Under certain conditions, nations should be captive rather than be destroyed, or revolutionaries should bide their time. Indeed, because of the omnipresence of the great military powers—the United States and the USSR (perhaps this is not so true for the countries battling England, France, Holland, Belgium, Portugal) — revolutionary movements may have to devise tactics short of armed revolt to overturn an oppressive regime.

The basic principle I want to get close to is that violence is most clearly justified when those whose own lives are at stake make the decision on whether the prize is worth dying for. Self-defense and guerrilla warfare, by their nature, embody this decision. Conscript armies and unfocused warfare violate it. And no one has a right to decide that someone else is better off dead than Red, or that someone else should die to defend his way of life, or that an individual (like Norman Morrison) should choose to live rather than die.

It would be foolish to pretend that this summary can be either precise or complete. Those involved in self-defense or in a revolution need no intellectual justification; their emotions reflect some inner rationality. It is those outside the direct struggle, deciding whether to support one side or to stay out, who need to think clearly about principles. Americans, therefore, possessing the greatest power and being furthest removed from the problems of self-defense or revolution, need thoughtful deliberation most. All we can do in social analysis is to offer rough guides to replace nonthinking, to give the beginnings of some kind of moral calculus.

However, it takes no close measurement to conclude that the American bombings in Vietnam, directed as they are to farming areas, villages, hamlets, fit none of the criteria listed, and so are deeply immoral, whatever else is true about the situation in Southeast Asia or the world. The silence of the government's supporters on this—from Hubert Humphrey to the academic signers of advertisements—is particularly shameful, because it requires no surrender of their other arguments to concede that this is unnecessary bestiality.

Bombings aside, none of the American military activity against the Vietcong could be justified unless it were helping a determined people to defend itself against an outside attacker. That is why the Administration, hoping to confirm by verbal repetition what cannot be verified in fact, continually uses the term "aggression" to describe the Vietnamese guerrilla activities. The expert evidence, however, is overwhelming on this question:

(1) Philippe Devillers, the French historian, says "the insurrection existed before the Communists decided to take part. . . . And even among the Communists, the initiative did not originate in Hanoi, but from the grass roots, where the people were literally driven by Diem to take up arms in self-defense."

(2) Bernard Fall says "anti-Diem guerrillas were active long before infiltrated North Vietnamese elements joined the fray."

(3) The correspondent for *Le Monde*, Jean Lacouture (in *Le Viet Nam entre deux paix*) confirms that local pressure, local conditions led to guerrilla activity.

(4) Donald S. Zagoria, a specialist on Asian communism at Columbia University, wrote recently that "it is reasonably clear that we are dealing with an indigenous insurrection in the South, and that this, not Northern assistance, is the main trouble."

One test of "defense against aggression" is the behavior of the official South Vietnamese army—the "defenders" themselves. We find: a high rate of desertions; a need to herd villagers into concentration-camp "strategic hamlets" in order to control them; the use of torture to get information from other South Vietnamese, whom you might expect to be enthusiastic about "defending" their country; and all of this forcing the United States to take over virtually the entire military operation in Vietnam. [See article by Raymond R. Coffey, p. 61].

The ordinary people of Vietnam show none of the signs of a nation defending itself against "aggression," except in their noncooperation with the government and the Americans. A hundred thousand Vietnamese farmers were conducting a rebellion with mostly captured weapons (both David Halberstam and Hanson Baldwin affirmed this in *The New York Times*, contradicting quietly what I. F. Stone demolished statistically—the State Department's White Paper on "infiltration"). Then they matched the intrusion of 150,000 American troops with 7,500 North Vietnamese soldiers (in November, 1965, American military officials estimated that five regiments of North Vietnamese, with 1,500 in each regiment, were in South Vietnam). Weapons were acquired from Communist countries, but not a single plane to match the horde of American bombers filling the skies over Vietnam. This adds up not to North Vietnamese aggression (if indeed North Vietnamese can be considered outsiders at all) but to American aggression, with a puppet government fronting for American power.

Thus, there is no valid principle on which the United States can defend either its bombing, or its military presence, in Vietnam. It is the factual emptiness of its moral claim which then leads it to seek a one-piece substitute, that comes prefabricated with its own rationale, surrounded by an emotional aura sufficient to ward off inspectors. This transplanted fossil is the Munich analogy, which, speaking with all the passion of Churchill in the Battle of Britain, declares: to surrender in Vietnam is to do what Chamberlain did at Munich; that is why the villagers must die.

The great value of the Munich

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analogy to the Strangeloves is that it captures so many American liberals, among many others. It backs the Vietnamese expedition with a coalition broad enough to include Barry Goldwater, Lyndon Johnson, George Meany and John Roche (thus reversing World War II's coalition, which excluded the far Right and included the radical Left). This bloc justifies the carnage in Vietnam with a huge image of invading armies, making only one small change in the subtitle: replacing the word "Fascist" with the word "Communist." Then, the whole savage arsenal of World War II—the means both justified and unjustifiable — supported by that great fund of indignation built against the Nazis, can be turned to the uses of the American Century.

To leave the Munich analogy intact, to fail to discuss communism and fascism, is to leave untouched the major premise which supports the present policy of near genocide in Vietnam. I propose here at least to initiate such a discussion.

Let's refresh our memories on what happened at Munich. Chamberlain of England and Daladier of France met Hitler and Mussolini (this was September 30, 1938) and agreed to surrender the Sudeten part of Czechoslovakia, inhabited by German-speaking people, hoping thus to prevent a general war in Europe. Chamberlain returned to England, claiming he had brought "peace in our time." Six months later, Hitler had gobbled up the rest of Czechoslovakia; then he began presenting ultimatums to Poland, and by September 3, 1939, general war had broken out in Europe.

There is strong evidence that if the Sudetenland had not been surrendered at Munich—with it went Czechoslovakia's powerful fortifications, 70 per cent of its iron, steel and electric power, 86 per cent of its chemicals, 66 per cent of its coal —and had Hitler then gone to war, he would have been defeated quickly, with the aid of Czechoslovakia's thirty-five well-trained divisions. And if he chose, at the sign of resistance, not to go to war, then at least he would have been stopped in his expansion.

And so, the analogy continues, to let the Communist-dominated National Liberation Front win in South Vietnam (for the real obstacle in the sparring over negotiations is the role of the NLF in a new government) is to encourage more Communist expansion in Southeast Asia and beyond, and perhaps lead to a war more disastrous than the present one; to stop communism in South Vietnam is to discourage its expansion elsewhere.

We should note, first, some of the important differences between the Munich situation in 1938 and Vietnam today:

(1) In 1938, the main force operating against the Czech *status quo* was an outside force, Hitler's Germany; the supporting force was the Sudeten group inside led by Konrad Henlein. Since 1958 (and traceable back to 1942), the major force operating against the *status quo* in South Vietnam has been an inside force, formed in 1960 into the NLF; the chief supporter is not an outside nation but another part of the same nation, North Vietnam. The largest outside force in Vietnam consists of the American troops (who, interestingly, are referred to in West Germany as *Bandenkampfverbande*, Bandit Fighting Units, the name used in World War II by the Waffen-S.S. units to designate the guerrillas whom they specialized in killing). To put it another way, in 1938, the Germans were trying to take over part of another country. Today, the Vietcong are trying to take over part of their own country. In 1938, the outsider was Germany. Today it is the United States.

(2) The Czech government, whose interests the West surrendered to Hitler in 1938, was a strong, effective, prosperous, democratic government—the government of Benes and Masaryk. The South Vietnamese government which we support is a hollow shell of a government, unstable, unpopular, corrupt, a dictatorship of bullies and torturers, disdainful of free elections

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and representative government (recently they opposed establishing a National Assembly on the ground that it might lead to communism), headed by a long line of tyrants from Bao Dai to Diem to Ky, who no more deserve to be ranked with Benes and Masaryk than Governor Wallace of Alabama deserves to be compared with Robert E. Lee. It is a government whose perpetuation is not worth the los of a single human life.

(3) Standing firm in 1938 meant engaging, in order to defeat once and for all, the central threat of that time, Hitler's Germany. Fighting in Vietnam today, even if it brings total victory, does not at all engage what the United States considers the central foes—the Soviet Union and Communist China. Even if international communism *were* a single organism, to annihilate the Vietcong would be merely to remove a toenail from an elephant. To engage what we think is the source of our difficulties (Red China one day, Soviet Russia the next) would require nuclear war, and even Robert Strange McNamara doesn't seem up to that.

(4) There is an important difference between the historical context of Munich, 1938, and that of Vietnam, 1966. Munich was the culmination of a long line of surrenders and refusals to act: when Japan invaded China in 1931, when Mussolini invaded Ethiopia in 1935, when Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland in 1936, when Hitler and Mussolini supported the Franco attack on Republican Spain 1936-39, when Japan attacked China in 1937, when Hitler took Austria in the spring of 1938. The Vietnam crisis, on the other hand, is the culmination of a long series of events in which the West has on occasion held back (as in Czechoslovakia in 1948, or Hungary in 1956), but more often taken firm action, from the Truman Doctrine to the Berlin blockade, to the Korean conflict, to the Cuban blockade of 1962. So, withdrawing from Vietnam would not reinforce a pattern in the way that the Munich pact did. It would be another kind of line in that jagged graph which represents recent foreign policy.

(5) We have twenty years of cold-war history to test the proposition derived from the Munich analogy—that a firm stand in Vietnam is worth the huge loss of life, because it will persuade the Communists there must be no more uprisings elsewhere. But what effect did our refusal to allow the defeat of South Korea (1950-53), or our aid in suppressing the Huk rebellion in the Philippines (1947-55), or the suppression of guerrillas in Malaya (1948-60), have on the guerrilla warfare in South Vietnam which started around 1958 and became consolidated under the National Liberation Front in 1960? If our use of subversion and arms to overthrow Guatemala in 1954 showed the Communists in Latin America that we meant business, then how did it happen that Castro rebelled and won in 1959? Did our invasion of Cuba in 1961, our blockade in 1962, show other revolutionaries in Latin America that they must desist? Then how explain the Dominican uprising in 1965? And did our dispatch of Marines to Santo Domingo end the fighting of guerrillas in the mountains of Peru?

One touches the Munich analogy and it falls apart. This suggests something more fundamental: that American policy makers and their supporters simply do not understand either the nature of communism or the nature of the various uprisings that have taken place in the postwar world. They are not able to believe that hunger, homelessness, oppression are sufficient spurs to revolution, without outside instigation, just as Dixie governors could not believe that Negroes marching in the streets were not led by outside agitators.

So, communism and revolution require discussion. They are sensitive questions, which some in the protest movement hesitate to broach for fear of alienating allies. But they are basic to that inversion of morality which enables the United States to surround the dirty war in Vietnam with the righteous glow of the war against Hitler.

A key assumption in this inversion is that communism and Nazism are sufficiently identical to be treated alike. However, communism as a set of ideals has attracted good people—not racists or bullies or militarists—all over the world. One may argue that in Communist countries citizens had better affirm their allegiance to it, but that doesn't account for the fact that millions in France, Italy and Indonesia are Communist party members, that countless others all over the world have been inspired by Marxian ideals. And why should they not? These ideals include peace, brotherhood, racial equality, the classless society, the withering away of the state.

If Communists behave much better out of power than in it, that is a commentary not on their ideals but on weaknesses which they share with non-Communist wielders of power. If, presumably in pursuit of their ideals, they have resorted to brutal tactics, maintained suffocating bureaucracies and rigid dogmas, that makes them about as reprehensible as other nations, other social systems which, while boasting of the Judeo-Christian heritage, have fostered war, exploitation, colonialism and race hatred. We judge ourselves by our ideals; others by their actions. It is a great convenience.

The ultimate values of the Nazis, let us recall, included racism, elitism, militarism and war as ends in themselves. Unlike either the Communist nations or the capitalist democracies, there is here no ground for appeal to higher purposes. The ideological basis for coexistence between Communist and capitalist nations is the rough consensus of ultimate goals which they share. While war is held off, the citizens on both sides—it is to be hoped and indeed it is beginning to occur—will increasingly insist that their leaders live up to these values.

One of these professed values—which the United States is trying with difficulty to conceal by fragile arguments and feeble analogies—is the self-determination of peoples. Self-determination justifies the overthrow of entrenched oligarchies—whether foreign or domestic—in ways that will not lead to general war. China, Egypt, Indonesia, Algeria and Cuba are examples. Such revolutions tend to set up dictatorships, but they do so in the name of values which can be used to erode that same dictatorship. They therefore deserve as much general support and specific criticism as did the American revolutionaries, who set up a slave-holding government, but with a commitment to freedom which later led it, *against its wishes*, to abolitionism.

The easy use of the term "totalitarian" to cover both Nazis and Communists, or to equate the South Vietnamese regime with that of Ho Chi Minh, fails to make important distinctions, just as dogmatists of the Left sometimes fail to distin-

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guish between Fascist states and capitalist democracies.

This view is ahistorical on two counts. First, it ignores the fact that, for the swift economic progress needed by new nations today, a Communist-led regime does an effective job (though it is not the only type of new government that can). In doing so, it raises educational and living standards and thus paves the way (as the USSR and Eastern Europe already show) for attacks from within on its own thought-control system. Second, this view forgets that the United States and Western Europe, now haughty in prosperity, with a fair degree of free expression, built their present status on the backs of either slaves or colonial people, and subjected their own laboring populations to several generations of misery before beginning to look like welfare states.

The perspective of history suggests that a united Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh is preferable to the elitist dictatorship of the South, just as Maoist China with all its faults is preferable to the rule of Chiang, and Castro's Cuba to Batista's. We do not have pure choices in the present, although we should never surrender those values which can shape the future. Right now, for Vietnam, a Communist government is probably the best avenue to that whole packet of human values which make up the common morality of mankind today: the preservation of human life, self-determination, economic security, the end of race and class oppression, that freedom of speech which an educated population begins to demand.

This is a conclusion which critics of government policy have hesitated to make. With some, it is because they simply don't believe it, but with others, it is because they don't want to rock the boat of "coalition." Yet the main obstacle to United States withdrawal is a fear that is real—that South Vietnam will then go Communist. If we fail to discuss this honestly, we leave untouched a major plank in the structure that supports U.S. action.

When the jump is made from real fears to false ones, we get something approaching lunacy in American international behavior. Richard Hofstadter, in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics,* writes of "the central preconception of the paranoid style—the existence of a vast, insidious, preternaturally effective international conspiratorial network designed to perpetrate acts of the most fiendish character."

Once, the center of the conspiracy was Russia. A political scientist doing strategic research for the government told me recently with complete calm that his institute decided not too long ago that they had been completely wrong about the premise which underlay much of American policy in the postwar period—the premise that Russia hoped to take over Western Europe by force. Yet now, with not a tremor of doubt, the whole kit and caboodle of the invading-hordes theory is transferred to China.

Paranoia starts from a base of facts, but then leaps wildly to an absurd conclusion. It is a fact that China is totalitarian in its limitation of free expression, is fierce in its expressions of hatred for the United States, that it crushed opposition in Tibet, and fought for a strip of territory on the Indian border. But let's consider India briefly: it crushed an uprising in Hyderabad, took over the state of Kerala, initiated attacks on the China border, took Goa by force, and is fierce in its insistence on Kashmir. Yet we do not accuse it of wanting to take over the world.

Of course, there is a difference. China is emotionally tied to and sometimes aids obstreperous rebellions all over the world. However, China is not the source of these rebellions. The problem is not that China wants to take over the world, but that various peoples want to take over their parts of the world, and without the courtesies that attend normal business transactions. What if the Negroes in Watts really rose up and tried to take over Los Angeles? Would we blame that on Castro?

Not only does paranoia lead the United States to see international conspiracy where there is a diversity of Communist nations based on indigenous Communist movements. It also confuses communism with a much broader movement of this century—the rising of hungry and harassed people in Asia, Africa, Latin America (and the American South). Hence we try to crush radicalism in one place (Greece, Iran, Guatemala, the Philippines, etc.) and apparently succeed, only to find a revolution—whether Communist or Socialist or nationalist or of indescribable character—springing up somewhere else. We surround the world with our navy, cover the sky with our planes, fling our money to the winds, and then a revolution takes place in Cuba, 90 miles from home. We see every rebellion everywhere as the result of some devilish plot concocted in Moscow or Peking, when what is really happening is that people everywhere want to eat and to be free, and will use desperate means and any one of a number of social systems to achieve their ends.

The other side makes the same mistake. The Russians face a revolt in Hungary or Poznan, and attribute it to bourgeois influence, or to American scheming. Stalin's paranoia led him to send scores of old Bolsheviks before the firing squad. The Chinese seem to be developing obsessions about the United States; but in their case we are doing our best to match their wildest accusations with reality. It would be paranoid for Peking to claim that the United States is surrounding China with military bases, occupying countries on its border, keeping hundreds of thousands of troops within striking distance, contemplating the bombing of its population—if it were not largely true.

A world-wide revolution is taking place, aiming to achieve the very values that all major countries, East and West, claim to uphold: self-determination, economic security, racial equality, freedom. It takes many forms—Castro's, Mao's, Nasser's, Sukarno's, Senghor's, Kenyatta's. That it does not realize all its aims from the start makes it hardly more imperfect than we were in 1776. The road to freedom is stony, but people are going to march along it. What we need to do is improve the road, not blow it up.

The United States Government has tried hard to cover its moral nakedness in Vietnam. But the signs of its failure grow by the day. Facts have a way of coming to light. Also, we have recently had certain experiences which make us less naive about governments while we become more hopeful about people: the civil rights movement, the student revolt, the rise of dissent inside the Communist countries, the emergence of fresh, brave spirits in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and in our own country.

It is not our job, as citizens, to point out the difficulties of our military position (this, when true, is

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quite evident), or to work out clever bases for negotiating (the negotiators, when they *must*, will find a way), or to dissemble what we know is true in order to build a coalition (coalitions grow naturally from what is common to a heterogeneous group, and require each element to represent its colors as honestly as possible to make the mosaic accurate and strong). As a sign of the strange "progress" the world has made, from now on all moral transgressions take the form of irony, because they are committed against officially proclaimed values. The job of citizens, in any society, any time, is simply to point this out.

RESEARCH: THE MIDAS TOUCH

Rep. Henry S. Reuss

Higher education has always been among our first national priorities. During the past twenty years, scientific research and development have also assumed a leading position in these priorities. Research and higher education share many goals; both are concerned with extending scholarship and developing the intellectual resources of the country. Indeed, science is most at home on the campus.

Today, not only growing affluence but the raising of educational sights have placed nearly 5 million students in the higher education system. And this number would be substantially higher if there were more scholarships, more teachers, more colleges and universities throughout the country.

Federal spending for research and development has now reached a huge $16 billion per year, having ascended a dizzy 20 per cent per year spiral in the past fifteen years. Public support has been won for this rapid growth and huge scale of expenditure because the money has bought benefits the public seemed to want—from ballistic missiles for defense to tiny transistors for hearing aids; from synchronous communications statellites to new materials for industry; from nuclear power plants to polio vaccines; from computers to radioisotopes in medical diagnosis and therapy.

Education has also reaped benefits from this accelerated spending. Research, once the province of the scholarly few, is now prized and sought by the many. Lush material rewards have been accompanied by esteem for scientists and for the institutions which foster them.

Out of the annual federal budget for research and development, higher education now gets $1.8 billion — some 15 per cent of its annual revenues from all sources. Several research-performing universities receive enough public money to cover 40 per cent or more of their entire operating budgets. Tens of thousands of scientists and graduate students in science are now assured the opportunity, money and excellent facilities for their work.

But this bonanza for education has not been pure gain. The institutions have paid for their research-based affluence.

Scientists and engineers of the highest talents and training are indispensable to productive research and development. They are also indispensable to maintaining and elevating the quantity and quality of higher education. They comprise a small community which cannot be made to grow rapidly. When too many are diverted to research, the price exacted is a shortage of teachers and a downgrading of the profession of teaching.

Short-run federal research needs can be satisfied by concentrating science money at a few large universities. Many excellent scientists are already there and others will join them. But as talent is drawn into elite pools, research and instruction elsewhere suffer. The top of the educational tree may flourish, but the roots wither.

Since the government's needs are overwhelmingly in the natural sciences, these get almost all the money. But colleges and universities must transmit knowledge and encourage scholarship in all fields of learning. If government tips the scales in favor of scientists over humanists or physics over history, the structure of higher education is threatened.

Just how serious are these damages? To educate the 5 million students now enrolled in junior colleges, colleges and universities, there are at present 324,000 teachers, including some 19,000 graduate assistants. There are too few to supply all the needs, yet half of the nation's colleges and universities report that some faculty positions have gone begging for two years or more. The shortages affect most severely the smaller colleges and universities; they are most acute in the natural sciences.

To a considerable extent federal research programs contribute to these shortages. In 1960, an estimated 124,000 scientists and engineers, with master's degrees or better, had been drawn off to federal research and development work outside educational institutions. Nor did the seduction of scientific manpower stop at the gates of colleges and universities. On the campuses, research that was financed mainly by the federal government claimed the full-time equivalent of 43,000 faculty personnel.

If later figures were available, they would undoubtedly show that more scientists and engineers of college teaching caliber had been diverted to federal research and development. Federal expenditures for these purposes more than doubled between 1960 and 1965, with corresponding claims on manpower. But even 167,000 is massive when compared with the present 324,000 teachers *of all subjects* now deployed throughout the higher education system.

The prospects for relief of present teacher shortages are bleak. By 1970, college enrollments are expected to rise to 7 million. If even present teaching standards are to

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be maintained for the 1970 student population, 90,000 teachers with doctoral degrees must be added to faculty rolls. Present trends indicate that only half that number will in fact be enlisted. If this happens, the unattractive alternatives will be to curtail enrollments or to watch the quality of instruction deteriorate.

But scientists are not only neglecting undergraduate teaching; they are downgrading its value. Good teaching, they realize, will rarely confer the prestige, recognition and money which come from research. Teaching cannot be published, does not produce invitations

to prestigious conferences, or often result in appointments to committees. In fact, good teaching is largely invisible, except to the fortunate student. As Dr. Alan Thorndike, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, reminded the House Research and Technical Programs Subcommittee: "There is no Nobel Prize for teaching."

When teaching becomes a poor relation to research, the undergraduate suffers. Having hurdled the rising admission barriers which shortages of capacity, including teachers, make mandatory, he may find that the great professors he sought begrudge time spent on teaching undergraduates, and shift what they regard as a burden to ill-directed young assistants.

Testifying before the subcommittee, Dr. W. T. Lippincott, professor of chemistry at Ohio State University, said that government support of university research is "potentially the most powerful destructive force the higher education system in America has ever faced." He went on to say that the loss to students of "stimulation, guidance, and experience-inspired knowledge," which has traditionally been passed on to young people by research scholars, will affect the future supply of "dedicated teachers, competent scientists, engineers, scholars, and well-informed citizens."

According to Dr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California:

> *There seems to be a "point of no return" after which research, consulting, graduate instruction become so absorbing that faculty efforts can no longer be concentrated on undergraduate instruction as they once were. . . . How to escape the cruel paradox that a superior faculty results in an inferior concern for undergraduate teaching is one of our more pressing problems.*

Whatever may be appropriate for institutions which specialize in graduate instruction, this depreciation of undergraduate teaching is a denial of the first obligation of higher education: to stimulate young people to think, to question, to seek answers for themselves. If this be the price of research, the cost is unacceptable.

Fifty-four universities, out of a total of more than 2,000 colleges and universities, presently get about 60 per cent of all federal money for research and science education. The concentration is geographic, too. Sixty per cent of federal science funds have gone to institutions in five states — California, Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Maryland (District of Columbia).

Because of this extraordinary concentration, few colleges and small universities can offer the research opportunities which scientists naturally seek. As they lose many of their ablest professors and are unable to attract replacements, they necessarily increase the teaching load of the faculty who remain. As the teaching load goes up, time for research goes down. In the process, smaller institutions become even less attractive to prospective science faculty.

Are there clear benefits from the concentration of research to offset this progressive weakening of the smaller institutions? The federal government and the scientific community had hoped that if most of the money were given to a relatively few Ph.D.-granting institutions, the production of doctorates would significantly increase, and higher education in general would share the benefit. These hopes have not been realized.

The educational system, including the contract research centers which it manages, now gets six times as much federal science money per year as it received a decade ago—$1.8 billion for 1965, compared to a relatively modest $300 million in 1955. The number of science doctorates produced per year has gone up about 1.7 times—from 8,500 to 14,500—a meager return on the research investment, even if all the gains are attributed to that investment. And the cause-and-effect relationship is doubtful, since the number of non-science doctorates per year has gone up as fast as science doctorates.

Furthermore, there is no clear relationship between doctorate production at particular research-performing universities and the volume of federal science funds. For example, the University of California in 1964 produced 2.3 times as many doctorates as the University of Wisconsin, but received 3 times as much money; it produced twice as many doctorates as Purdue, but received more than 10 times as much money; it produced 2.8 times as many doctorates as Iowa State but, again, received some 11 times as much money.

Finally, the science Ph.D.s who do emerge today strongly prefer research to teaching. More than two-thirds of all new doctors of science in 1962 elected to take research jobs or post-doctoral fellowships that permitted research. The corresponding figure in the social sciences was 21 per cent; in the arts and professions, 7 per cent; in education, 6 per cent.

Federal funds for research go 98 per cent to the natural sciences and 2 per cent to everything else. Such a disproportionate allocation damages not only the neglected humanities and social sciences but the natural sciences as well. Neither science nor scientists can flourish if the other disciplines languish.

Killing science by cutting off research funds will not help higher education, but continuing present federal research policies will gravely damage both science and higher education. A better balance between research and education, combined with incentives to increase the flow

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of qualified scientists into teaching could save both.

The House Research and Technical Programs Subcommittee last October made the following recommendations for policy changes:*

(1) Weigh the priorities between teaching and research — in the White House and the Bureau of the Budget — before undertaking, continuing or expanding research programs having large scientific manpower needs.

(2) Encourage researchers to teach, by requiring that those who receive federal research awards and fellowships assume minimum teaching responsibilities.

(3) Institute science teaching fellowships which pay as much as research fellowships.

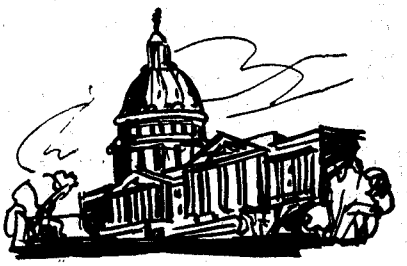
(4) Establish a Presidential award for outstanding undergraduate teachers.

(5) Modify the criteria for research awards to spread their contribution over a broadened list of institutions, in a wider area.

(6) Make more representative (by selecting younger members from more diverse institutions) the panels which judge the scientific merits of project applications.

(7) Expand the National Science Foundation's promising Science Development Program of "institutional grants" to colleges and universities, unrelated to specific "projects."

(8) Accept as an important national goal a massively increased support for the humanities and the social sciences.



*"Conflicts Between the Federal Research Programs and the Nation's Goals for Higher Education," H. Rept. 1158, 89th Cong., 1st sess., October 13, 1965.

The Merchant Marine

WILDERNESS OF TIGERS . . . . Howard Junker

Lately the sick and sinking American merchant marine has been snarling, clawing and backbiting like a wilderness of tigers, the cause being the formulation of a new federal maritime policy. The President is expected to present a new program to Congress this month.

There is every reason to expect that current policy, laid down by the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, should now be obsolete—times have changed. But government support of a tiny service industry that cannot face foreign competition without massive subsidy has attained the status of tradition. The vested interests—unions, operators, shipbuilders and the U.S. Navy—have so much at stake that rather than submit to reform they sometimes even assert that the merchant marine is shipshape. It all depends on motivation: why should the government keep a merchant marine afloat? The answer to that question determines the kind and size of crutch Uncle Sam should offer.

American seamen, who now enjoy the American standard of living, earn four times as much as foreign sailors. Building a ship in American yards costs twice as much and takes twice as long as it does abroad. To overcome these obstacles to international competition, the merchant marine is given several kinds of assistance. Fifteen liner operations, which run 300 deep-sea ships, receive 75c of their seaman's dollar from the government. The government will also pay up to 55 per cent of construction costs, give insurance on construction loans and mortgages, trade-in allowances for obsolete ships and certain forms of tax relief. In return, the lines must operate American-built, American-manned ships on regulated trade routes, subject to much government supervision and inspection; they are committed to return half of all profits above 10 per cent. In the past twenty years, federal subsidies have totaled about $2 billion, of which less than 10 per cent has been recaptured.

About 300 tankers, 100 unsubsidized liners, and 250 tramps survive because coastal shipping is reserved, as it has been since the War of 1812, to the American flag, and because cargo preference rules send all military cargo and 50 per cent of aid cargo in American bottoms. In all, the government pays $320 million in direct subsidy, $80 million above world rates in cargo preferences each year. And the merchant marine carries less than 10 per cent of America's foreign trade, only 30 per cent of its liner trade.

On October 4, 1965, an interagency task force, headed by Alan S. Boyd, Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, and composed of representatives of nine departments and agencies, offered a basic outline of what a new maritime policy might be. In general, the Boyd report reflected the cost-conscious, incentive-minded, "the greater the subsidy the less the progress" attitudes of the controversial Maritime administrator, Nicholas Johnson.

Johnson graduated from the University of Texas Law School in 1958. Since then he has clerked for Hugo Black, taught law at Berkeley, and practiced in Washington with Dean Acheson's firm. He was named head of Marad in March, 1964, the assumption being that a fresh viewpoint was needed.

Johnson is a vivid talker and cocky. Though he has repeatedly insisted that he wants a stronger merchant marine with more ships, although he has repeatedly called for industry cooperation and suggestions, he has become, during his short term in office, the industry's whipping boy. The task force included representatives of Marad, the Federal Maritime Commission, the Bureau of the Budget, the Council of Economic Advisers and the Departments of State, Agriculture, Labor, Defense and Commerce; but blame for the whole thing has been laid on Johnson, who was not even a member.

Most shocking in the report was the suggestion that the government should support the merchant marine only to the extent that wartime needs might dictate. This perpetuates the traditional assumption that

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a commercial fleet must be maintained as a ready auxiliary, but other considerations — the arguments from prestige, balance of payments, rate stabilization, trade leverage and retention of skills—have never been so summarily dismissed. The report envisioned a 1985 fleet of roughly today's size, but carrying twice today's tonnage because its ships would be larger, faster, automated and economically managed.

To achieve this leaner, more competitive merchant marine, the report recommended:

- Eliminating the subsidized passenger fleet. (These thirteen ships now cost $50 million a year—one-fourth of the operating subsidy.)
- Reducing seafaring jobs in the next twenty years by 40 per cent, from 47,000 to 27,000. (Most of these jobs would be among service personnel, such as stewards, who could find work ashore, but an automated engine room can cut crew size by 30 per cent.
- Allowing construction in foreign yards. (It is the Navy, which spends close to $3 billion a year—not private industry, which spends but $240 million—that maintains American yards. Only six of twenty-one yards are doing any private construction at all. Yet 68 per cent of the active merchant fleet is of wartime vintage.)
- Building five dry-bulk carriers a year—to be operated with subsidy—and thirty to forty instead of the current fifteen to seventeen general cargo ships a year. (The United States has no bulk carriers on order today, although 225 ships have been ordered for registry under the flags of Norway, Great Britain, Japan and Liberia.)
- Eliminating cargo preferences. Permitting flexible trade routes. Encouraging operation outside conference structures. Eliminating profit recapture.
- Encouraging the formation of a single maritime union. (Some ships are manned by a dozen different unions.)
- Encouraging maximum automation, reduced manning scales and efficient management.

Though the layman might find these suggestions progressive and of some promise, the industry was stunned. The President's Maritime Advisory Committee, representing the industry, labor and the public, rejected the report immediately as "contrary to law and executive policy." Admiral John M. Will, board chairman of American Export Isbrandtsen Lines, speaking for the subsidized liners, said the report "reveals an almost total lack of understanding of the problems involved, an absence of business sense and a stubborn adherence to preconceived but unproven ideas. . . ." (A few weeks later, Jakob Isbrandtsen, one of the few to have kind words for the report, suggested the elimination of cargo preferences—which would not affect liner operations—and the consolidation of all passenger ships into one line.)

Shipbuilders declared that the report was sabotage. The unions concurred, rejecting the plea for labor consolidation and adding, for good measure, a demand that the 50 per cent cargo preference rule be upped to 75 per cent with a 30 per cent requirement for all incoming oil shipments. Members of Congress, among them Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, called for an independent Federal Maritime Board to solve the problem. And as if to dissipate Congressional energy still further, the House Merchant Marine Committee set up a nine-man special subcommittee to study maritime education.

Nicholas Johnson and Boyd pleaded for a rational, unemotional evaluation of the report, though Johnson himself was not exactly contributing to a relaxed atmosphere. It seems that he adds little messages to his intra-agency recorded answering service. One of these, just after the report was issued, went, in part:

". . . [the Boyd report] represents the first time in thirty years that the Executive branch of our federal government has agreed upon the importance of the industry and the need for a new maritime policy. Secretary of Labor Wirtz is the only dissenting official. . . ."

The message went on to suggest that copies of the report could be obtained from "your supervisor." Obviously the message was not intended for the public, but the industry got hold of the telephone number, and calls—not felicitous—poured in.

(About this time a poster contest for high school students, sponsored by the maritime industry in conjunction with the government and run by *Scholastic Magazine*, was announced. The students are asked to develop the theme, "American Ships Chart America's Future." The prize poster will be displayed on all U.S. mail trucks and in all post offices during May, a date which will perhaps coincide with final Congressional deliberations on maritime policy.)

Quite apart from its possible need in time of war, the merchant marine is considered in many quarters to be a "vital part of our national posture." Sensing the prestige in having their own fleets, twenty-eight nations since the war have launched merchant marines. And arguments here for a strong merchant marine are often steeped in patriotic piety: Ship American. Build American. Keep America Strong and Working. The task force report refused to accept these exhortations as implying the need for a big, fat fleet. In fact, our exports of grain, for example, suffer because all this Americanism is expensive. Therefore the farm bloc, the State Department and the Department of Agriculture line up against Ship American. But the pro-merchant marine spokesmen insist that we are losing something called the battle of the high seas. The Russian fleet is sixth, and gaining fast; we have sunk to fourth. And our share of foreign trade has sunk from well over half to less than 10 per cent and so on and so forth.

In short, the tough-minded economies—"penny-pinching theorizing and double talk"—of the task force report just don't go down with the patriots who have something to lose if the so-called private industry is revamped and stripped of some of its protective padding. It would be "politically hazardous at best," ventured *The Journal of Commerce*, for any Congressman to support a maritime policy that was not in some way "expansive."

Last month the Maritime Advisory Committee produced its own version of the new policy. The MAC accepted the arguments from prestige and trade balance and therefore proposed spending $700 million per year, subsidizing six new lines, retaining the passenger fleet, capturing the "runaway" fleet and, by all means, Build American.

With industry and labor united in opposition to the austerities of the task-force report, construction may be the only substantive issue remaining for debate. H. Lee White, president of Marine Transport Lines, member of the MAC, followed

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"the second program" with a 75-page minority opinion. White concluded that Build American only forces the operator to subsidize the shipbuilder, that the operator must be permitted to build abroad. Marine Transport Lines, for example, owns twenty-six foreign-flag ships, twenty U. S.-flag vessels.

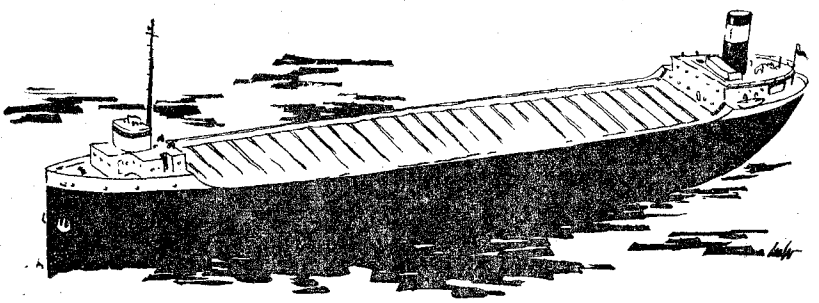
Meanwhile, as the war in Vietnam goes on, the merchant marine is needed as a military auxiliary. Until recently, the Military Sea Transportation Service (MSTS) was able to handle supplies to Vietnam —about 90 per cent of which go by sea—with little difficulty. On average in 1964, forty-five ships carried 250,000 tons a month. By last September, however, the number of ships and tonnage had doubled. In January about 1,200,000 tons will have to be carried.

Slight panic broke out in early November and MSTS called a series of special meetings to urge the commitment of more ships from private industry. So far MSTS has chartered some eighty ships and pulled seventy-five ships out of moth balls. Reactivating a ship takes a month and costs about $300,000. More than 600 were pulled during Korea, some 200 during Suez. About 950 ships remain in the reserve fleet, all ancient, though some are unused (on a par with a '50 Chevy that has run 15,000 miles).

Fifty ships were chartered by MSTS during the summer when the subsidized lines were hit by a strike. The unions did not interfere with shipments to Vietnam, so the deal worked well for all concerned. Some operators later wanted their ships back lest foreign flags steal their customers, but since the November SOS, MSTS has picked up seventy-five charters and the current crisis is manpower — enough engineers and skilled crewmen to handle the expanded fleet.

Occasionally, when United States ships were not available for military cargo, foreign vessels have been used. There have been instances, perhaps as many as half a dozen, in which sailors working foreign ships have refused to sail to Vietnam. Chinese, Greek, Indian and Mexican crews have been involved. These incidents have touched off bitter reactions from the unions.

After warning Secretary McNamara that the use of foreign ships to carry military cargo "violated the law, hampered our effort in South Vietnam, and exposed our country



to repeated humiliation," Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, sued the Secretary and the Department of Defense. The case is now pending in federal district court, District of Columbia.

Curran contends that federal maritime policy has not encouraged a strong merchant marine, that only American crews working American ships can be depended upon in crisis. He would like to use the stranding of military cargoes as a lever to reopen debate on the "flag of necessity" question. About 450 ships, mostly bulk carriers, are owned by American interests—oil and metals companies as well as independents—but registered under Panamanian, Liberian and Honduran flags to escape high American taxes and wages. These ships are committed to "come back" if called by the Department of Defense. The owners claim that the PanLibHon maneuver is the only way they can compete with *totally* foreign interests. The unions have tried to organize these "runaway" ships, to save the foreign crews from exploitation. After an attempted international boycott, the Supreme Court declared the unions had no jurisdiction over foreign crews, but the current crisis gives union leaders another chance to wave the flag.

As if the pressures of reform and "wartime" demand were not enough, the merchant marine is also in the midst of a technological revolution. Automation has not helped labor-management relations —the seagoing unions struck for seventy-seven days last year, the longshoremen were out thirty-three days. Taft-Hartley injunctions have been used eight times to stall labor disputes—but it could help the merchant marine become competitive. Wages account for about half of operating costs; port charges for about half of ocean freight rates. New methods of cargo handling alone can be helpful. Containerization — standardized boxes for general cargo — may work a miracle.

The new ships are larger and faster (tankers have pushed past 150,000 tons) and old, small ships are being jumboized in the shipyards. Assembly line methods — building "flights" of three to six ships at a time—could help cut construction costs. Adoption of gas-turbine engines similar to those used in jets might work. Surface-effect ships, using hydrofoils, may soon carry high-tariff cargo at 100 knots. The world's first nuclear merchant ship, *Savannah*, developed by Marad and the AEC, is now operating under charter to American Export Isbrandtsen. Further, the industry is seeking greater stability through diversification.

There are promises all along the line, but the bickering goes on and on. Somebody will be unhappy no matter what is done to and for the merchant marine. Everyone wants a stronger fleet, but what would that be, and how to obtain it? There is no question of the government's pulling out. It is only a question of what the government is willing to pay for.

In some respects, the problem is minuscule: only 40,000 men go to sea; only 50,000 work in shipyards, only 85,000 work as longshoremen. While the nation's total transportation bill runs to $126 billion, 20 per cent of the GNP, ocean transport costs only $1.4 billion. And the government puts up only $400 million. Yet the national interest is no easier to determine in the merchant marine microcosm than anywhere else where vested interests wrap themselves in the banners of national security. Ultimately, Nicholas Johnson and the others who demand value for the government dollar, who see that competition in the world market is essential and would be increased if available technology were exploited, if labor were less boisterous, if management were more efficient, will probably not prevail. Certainly not, if the tigers continue their senseless roaring.

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In Search of Edmund Wilson

EDMUND WILSON: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time. By Sherman Paul. University of Illinois Press. 237 pp. $5.75.

Frederick J. Hoffman

One of our most productive and most intelligent journalists, Edmund Wilson, has moved solidly through the 20th century, holding a mirror to its hopes, its treacheries and its follies. In Sherman Paul's spare, lean interpretation, Wilson comes to us largely through his published works. This is not a biography, but a search for a literary man in his literary results.

They are in some respects a disappointment. Paul has to give much space to mediocre performances like the novel, *I Thought of Daisy* (1929), and Wilson's plays of the 1920s, solely on the grounds that they yield evidence of Wilson's disposition toward his times. He therefore cannot legitimately judge whether the works were merely documents or works of art, or perhaps a little bit of each. Yet no one in our century has reacted so sensitively to contemporary history; and Paul may be forgiven for overstressing the evidence occasionally, if only because the total image is so engaging.

After having once met him, Zelda Fitzgerald is said to have described Wilson's face as "beautiful and bloodless." It was, and is, a serious, an intelligent face, and the mind behind it has always been inspired both by the memory of homes in the past and heroes in the present. In fact, Wilson seemed constantly to work in terms of two realities: that of the decisive mind imposing itself upon history, making society change and time move; and that of the rather less worthy and rather more mediocre life as he discovered it about him. Wilson tried to push an idealistic conception of our civilization, and occasionally —in his figures for Christian Gauss ("Civilization was his passion") and Norman Kemp Smith, he thought he had found the models for it. But generally his world is inhabited by little or inadequate persons, like the poetess Rita of *I Thought of Daisy*, and the falsely romantic Villagers of his early plays.

The great Wilson works are not literary, but personal extensions of history and biography. It has always seemed to me a little more than just that the 1920s should have closed out with the book *Axel's Castle* (1931), as the 1930s did with *To the Finland Station* (1940). The one summed up the essence of the "new literature" (though it is scarcely new now, as every schoolboy, at least in Berkeley, knows); the other communicated the excitement of history developing in a line toward direct action. Just what role *Patriotic Gore* (1962) will have by way of explaining Wilson's reaction to the events following the Second World War (he began writing it during the war), it is difficult to say. All these are major engagements with intellectual history. *Axel's Castle* is a remarkable product of sharp and sudden intelligence; and, though its conclusions are occasionally narrow-minded, its understanding of modern and even of contemporary literature is unusual and almost unique in its times. *To the Finland Station* is an act both of historiography and hero worship. Wilson's analyses of 19th-century historians and economists are fresh and extraordinarily intelligent; so that one reads the book for two purposes, to understand its subject and to understand its author. As for the latter, his idealistic views of the human intelligence, of the great, quiet, humble, but decisive mind that shapes society and reorders time are both early American and early 20th century in their nature.

He believed in human intelligence as perhaps no contemporary did; he practiced it also, more often than not, though he could be capable (in the preface to *Patriotic Gore* and elsewhere) of quibbling and of aimless wrath. To us, his contemporaries, his principal value lies in the many ways he has transferred the reality yielded by one discipline to the realities derived from others; he has been both a master synthesizer and a great dramatist of the meaning of present and recent past history. This reality it is the task of Sherman Paul to interpret to us. As in his other work (on Emerson, Thoreau and on Paul Rosenfeld), Paul has shown a remarkably vivid sense of the task before him, of its meaning and its dangers. There is no wasted space here, no attempt to inflate Wilson's value or to escalate his significance. If anything, the performance is a bit muted; one would like more facts, for example, more of the personal *ambience* that gave Wilson his very special role as a superior journalistic critic and integrator of our history.

The key phrase is "discordant encounters," the title of one of Wilson's earliest books (1926). This title, and his use of the human paradox in that volume, give us a sense of the curiously effective "dialectic" of contemporary history that Wilson provides in his work. Paul gives us an ample view of what the phrase means in Wilson's writings; from the beginning, there is a succession of awkward encounters between the ideal and the fumbling, awkward, even mean-spirited real. Wilson's writings sometimes take on the character of a disappointed romance with the ideal.

The Civil War is a turning point of sorts; and Wilson's acerbic treatment of its many aspects suggests a sense of reality that has gradually turned his idealism sour. Throughout his book Paul gives us a sense of the paradoxes, which began with the fact that Wilson as a boy in Red Bank, N. J., "felt the interior strain of the corrosive outside world," and the ambiguities deriving from the Jay Goulds being the Wilson neighbors. The very rich showed themselves disconcertingly irresponsible: and, as Paul says, something of the memory of those times returned to Wilson at the time of the First World War, and again later, during the years of "the Great Depression." He was always contrasting the irresponsibly privileged world with the intellectual hero. But in the

Frederick J. Hoffman holds the chair of Distinguished Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. His most recent book is The Mortal No: Death and the Modern Imagination *(Princeton).*

Winter in Vermont

Where is the green, the revolutionary?
What good can come of snow and slate?
Vermont or father what's my theme?
I eye the skin of a woodchuck
Left hanging on barbed wire.
A stream moves under a foot of ice
Like the last words of Henry Adams:
"My child keep me alive."

Stanley Moss

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end (as we see again and again in the "discordant encounters" of *Patriotic Gore*), life did not offer up even so moderately complex or so easily comprehensible a set of evidence.

We are here presented with a man of great intelligence, engaging in a number of encounters with reality, as a journalist (in *Vanity Fair, The New Republic, The New Yorker*) and as a literary historian. Wilson's world was and is ours, the 20th century, in all its resplendence and its ambiguity. It is good to have the record given to us by so modest and so intelligent an interpreter as Sherman Paul.

To Die in New Mexico

TALES OF CIBOLA. By Ramón Sender. Translated by Florence Sender, Elinor Randall and Morse Manley. Las Américas Publishing Co. 383 pp. $5.

Oliver T. Myers

The end of the Spanish Civil War scattered over the world a whole generation of Spaniards, a near-perfect sampling of Spanish society. That generation of exiles is now almost gone, through death or absorption into the adopted culture or abandonment of exile and ideals. The exiles who are no longer refugees have succeeded in becoming naturalized at the cost of giving up something of their Spanishness. But some few could survive only by virtue of remaining Spaniards. A creative artist who draws on the common people of his homeland for inspiration is the one who loses the most by remaining abroad. A prominent Chilean novelist told me that if he spent more than a year or two away from home, his language, his thought, everything would be contaminated. A writer in exile shares the predicament of Antaeus held aloft by Hercules: his strength comes from the soil, yet he cannot touch it. Some writers adapt, changing their style or their language, or wind up writing for a tiny group of their fellows. Others continue to return to the soil through the spirit and find within themselves enough of the essence of national life, in this instance Spanishness, to thrive. Among the Spanish exiles, Ramón Sender is one of these.

After twenty-five years of exile, Sender is still one of Spain's best writers. In a sense, he represents a dead end. The younger school of novelists that sprang up after the war has taken off from a different starting point. Sender is continuing a tradition of the twenties and thirties. A new work of his gives one the feeling of reading a lost manuscript of a generation ago. Cela and Delibes, and the next younger group, such as Goytisolo, Matute, Aldecoa, are leading off into new directions, and it is from them that the novel of the future will emerge. Sender is the last of his line and gives us a glimpse of what Spain might have become had it not been for the war. (No postwar Sender has been published in Spain. Censorship is so arbitrary that a de luxe edition of Marx might be approved as too expensive for the masses —but that possibly a new edition of the Quixote might be turned down. Even Howard Fast now is printed in translation. See *Libros nuevos* for August, 1965).

The present collection contains six novellas and a short story from his *Novelas ejemplares de Cíbola*, plus two other tales. They are not about Spain; they are about Spanishness. The original title is suggestive not only of Cervantes but also of Unamuno and the medieval *exempla*. They are, in a broad sense, moral tales. They deal with faith and with death, but they are more reflective and less violent than much of his early work. The setting is the United States, but in the Spanish states of the Southwest, where the natives are Indians, Mexicans or New Mexicans, that is gringos who have become Hispanized. The outsiders are New Englanders or Germans or "An-

Oliver T. Myers teaches Spanish at the University of California (Davis). His articles and reviews have appeared in Hispanic Review, Modern Language Notes *and other journals.*

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glo-Saxons" (the usual Spanish way of describing what ails us Americans). The outsiders are seen from the outside, and no matter how shrewd and pointed are the portrayals they are always external; only the Hispanos are probed beneath the surface. Somehow the non-Hispanized Americans remain caricatures; the sympathetic Americans are those who have settled psychologically into the life of the Southwest and accept its strangeness and violence.

The most perfectly realized figures in the collection are Father Zozobra and don Godofredo; the best told tale is that of Delgadina. But these are all Spanish characters and are moved by Spanish emotions. Delgadina's story is told against the background of folk ballad, in the ancient tradition of the Spanish *Romance*, lending a semi-legendary aura to the narrative; Sender has woven fragments of the ballad into the structure of the present as he did earlier in the *Requiem for a Spanish Peasant* and *A Man's Place*. Father Zozobra (the translation does not explain the significance of this nickname, which refers to his drunken staggering) failed as a martyr in the Orient and has now wound up as an alcoholic in a home for wayward priests. Purging his soul means immolating the flesh—alcoholic mortification does not suffice. It is his own soul that is his concern.

Godofredo, who entered the United States illegally as a wetback, cannot die until he recovers his identity. Death would not find him under his false name. The search for the real self also preoccupies John St. John, professor of Greek at a New England college, but what he finds is a grotesque parody of the Spanish male and this leads to his tragedy; he kills, senselessly, absurdly, in a blind fit of rage, jealousy, pride and pigheadedness, the Spanish emotions he has just discovered within himself. But it is difficult to believe fully in this person; Sender has not quite succeeded in convincing us. Father Zozobra and Godofredo are no less strange in their answers to life, but we believe in them because Sender knows them completely and has made us know them. One's soul is the only real thing in life, faith is the only road to salvation. The aim of life is learning how to die, that is to learn to live so that one may die as a man. This is Sender.

Ramón Sender is probably the most translated novelist of Spain today, one who has an immediate appeal to American readers, one whose style overcomes problems of translation. The present translations are adequate but not satisfactory. There are too many jarring notes, faults in style and errors that are not the author's. The reader will be slowed down at crucial points and will puzzle over minor obscurities that were crystal gems in the original. Spanish syntax comes through at times pointlessly, and some pages read like a literal first draft. What can we make of "more than one woman shrank to her navel," "Don't you mistreat them for me, because they have more lights than you have," "If you take them apart, neither marijuana nor wine do too much harm," "One of them had denounced a mine" (meaning *staked a claim*, a use documented in Webster's Third), "the guide lit a powerful reflector" (that is, spotlight)? A nonexistent Latin form Procustus, appears for Procrustes; Sender wrote Procusto, correct in Spanish usage. *The Perfect Spouse* is attributed to the wrong Fray Luis; the Spanish reader would know that it was not Granada but León. Interjections and slang are handled poorly; I've heard *mequetrefe* a lot more in Spanish than *jackanapes* in English. When someone exclaims, "The pest!," who would guess that what is meant is "damn" and not "he's a pill"? Sender wrote *vientre* (belly) and *nalga* (buttock), not the Victorian "abdominal region" and "most prominent part (of the pants)." Some critical omissions from the opening story, "Professor St. John Comes of Age," make less inevitable the gratuitous outburst of violence that marks the professor's "growing up." Sender is simply a better writer than may appear from these versions; he deserves more.

The Prisons of Apartheid

117 DAYS. By Ruth First. Stein and Day. 142 pp. $3.95.

NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM. By Nelson Mandela. Edited by Ruth First. Basic Books. 189 pp. $4.95.

Hilda Kuper

It is easy to revile a country one does not love and in which one has not lived. Distance and strangeness contribute to freedom from responsibility. For many non-South Africans, South Africa provides a scapegoat on which to project righteous hatred of injustice without risk of involvement in action, or of rejection of childhood friends or members of the family; but for those who, over many long and troubled years, have had no other home, there is the anguish of ambivalent identification. Righteous hatred may be intensified, but no outside scapegoat is provided. The self alone can serve as sacrifice, and for that self-conscious self, the choice is hard—to suffer as immigrant or exile in a foreign land or to remain in danger of imprisonment, torture or death.

Ruth First, a South African-born white, and Nelson Mandela, son of a Tembu chief, committed themselves courageously and consistently to fight against apartheid; each became involved, through separate but interacting paths, in the liberation movement.

In South Africa, where a white minority monopolizes political power, dominates enterprises, controls education and backs its rules by physical force, color is the crucial identification. But it is always easy to oversimplify complexity into duality—to marshal black against white, and to interpret oppressed against oppressor in terms of racial opposition. The South African situation is not that simple; and from these two books the dialectic of the struggle emerges not as the fight between white and black but as the battle between those who affirm and those who deny racism, black *or* white, a struggle between the affirmation of human rights against the denial of a common humanity. In Africa the ultimate outcome of the struggle between black and white is numerically certain and predictable; the outcome of the deeper and more vital struggle, a struggle symbolized by the Firsts and the Mandelas, may continue even when the last white man has left the African continent. For this struggle has no fixed color line and no final index of victory. When one issue is won, others associated directly or indirectly with the principles it represents come to the fore and evoke action and counteraction. There is no utopia, only the striving toward it.

117 Days is the period Ruth First was kept in prison under the Ninety Days Act—an act passed by the

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Hilda Kuper was born in South Africa and took degrees at Witwatersrand University and the London School of Economics. She is presently professor of Anthropology at the University of California. In addition to many books on anthropology she has written a novel, Bite of Hunger *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

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(white) nationalist government under which virtually any person in the country may be imprisoned (euphemistically described as "detained") under no specific charge, no legal trial, no definite sentence. It does not even mean "ninety days;" at the moment of release the victim may be rearrested. It is a most powerful weapon of destruction, aimed at the spirit and heart of resistance. Locked alone in a cell, deprived of news or contact with the outside world, haunted by memories and imagination, the detainee is periodically subjected to the ordeal of interrogation. This may be supported by additional instruments of torture, and the actual tragic cases cited by Ruth First give proof that electric shock, beating and other acts of brutal violence take place in spite of public denial by apartheid officials.

The price of freedom is the betrayal of others. Some who knew little were detained as hostages; others, like Ruth First, were suspected of knowing "everything." After all, her husband, Joe Slovo, a prominent left-wing lawyer, had been equally if not more involved in public protest and public trials. And Joe could not be found. The police were armed with a full dossier of the Slovos' anti-apartheid activities. Ruth's greatest fear was that she should reveal more than the police already knew. Shortly before her arrest, an informer had led detectives to a house in Rivonia, a respectable white suburb of Johannesburg. A small meeting was in progress, and political figures long sought by the government were trapped with no escape. Numerous documents were also seized. The house was headquarters of the underground resistance. Shortly thereafter, Ruth First was arrested in her home.

With stark, almost documentary detail (a journalist by profession) she relates her own experiences and reaction: "For the first fifty-six days of my detention in solitary, I changed from a mainly vertical to a mainly horizontal creature. A black iron bedstead became my world." She marked days by sewing stitches on the lapel of her gown. She noted the pointless minutiae of prison routine, the characteristics of the warders, the sounds of people in cells. Her imprisonment became "an abandonment in protracted time."

She experienced a terrible need to speak to other human beings, and at the same time knew the danger if she responded to those who tried to make her speak. It is difficult to know one's "cracking point." The detectives promised that if she made her "statement," she would be "free." She agreed to speak, and tried to tell nothing. She evoked the exasperated comment: "It's a funny thing, isn't it . . . but every name you've given us is the name of someone who has left the country." She does not know why they released her at last. Perhaps by that time they had learned from others what they wanted to hear. "When they left me in my own house at last, I was convinced that it was not the end, and that they would come again," the author reports.

The book moves beyond the autobiographical to a hauntingly terrifying and yet sometimes tantalizingly incomplete account of many people, some referred to by name, others by initial, linked together in a tangled web of political events. The reader who is not familiar with the complexities may sometimes be bewildered and lost; even those who know it feel it as a Kafkaish nightmare.

In England now with her husband and children, Ruth First has edited the articles and speeches of Nelson Mandela, who is still in prison.

The Mandela volume spans ten crucial years, 1953-63. In this period of steadily mounting oppression and persecution Mandela led the nonviolent Defiance Campaign against unjust laws and founded the underground resistance movement, Umkonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation). The opening article, "No Easy Walk to Freedom," was Mandela's presidential speech to the African National Congress. Banned from attending public gatherings, he could not deliver the speech in person. The last article is his powerful and moving statement as "First Accused" in the Rivonia trial. Throughout, he appears as a man of courage and deep integrity, a tragic and noble figure.

He was trained as a lawyer and his profession provided daily evidence of the effects of apartheid on his people. In several moving passages he voices the African need, and demand, for land, education, security and equality. With penetrating insight he exposes the hypocrisy of government promises, rejects the tribalism of the Verwoerd regime, and analyzes the policy behind Bantustans as a "grim programme of mass evictions, political persecution, and police terror."

In 1956, the government initiated its notorious treason trial against Nelson Mandela and 156 others, among whom were the two Slovos. The trial ended after four and a half years, during which time there was the shooting at Sharpeville. Much of the record of the trial is the cross-examination of Mandela who, when the team of lawyers withdrew, was elected spokesman for his fellow prisoners. All were found "Not guilty and discharged," but acquittal did not mean freedom. Raids and humiliation persisted. Opposition groups, including the African National Congress were branded illegal; but an illegal leadership continued. Despite government mobilization of the army and police, a general strike was executed with some success. Mandela, in a detailed analysis reprinted here in full, shows how the strike marked a turning point in African political tactics. "Even up to the present day the question that is being asked with monotonous regularity up and down the country is this: Is it politically correct to continue preaching peace and nonviolence when dealing with a government whose barbaric practices have brought so much suffering and misery to Africans? With equal monotony the question is posed: Have we not closed a chapter on this question?" Shortly after, on South African Freedom Day, June 26, he concluded: "A Letter from Underground": "I will not leave South Africa, nor will I surrender. Only through hardship, sacrifice, and militant action can freedom be won. The struggle is my life.

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I will continue fighting for freedom until the end of my days."

During a surprise appearance at the Addis Ababa conference in 1962, he delivered to the members of the Pan African Freedom Movement the speech, "A Land Ruled by the Gun." On his return he intensified his underground activities. But after seventeen months of hiding, the "Black Pimpernel" was caught, thrown into prison, and charged with inciting African workers to strike, and with leaving South Africa without a valid travel document. His speech at the trial, published under the heading "Black Man in a White Court," is both a scathing indictment of white domination and a clear restatement of his own nonracial values. ". . . in the course of this application I am frequently going to refer to the white man and the white people. I want at once to make it clear that I am no racialist, and I detest racialism, because I regard it as a barbaric thing, whether it comes from a black man or from a white man."

Mandela was found guilty. After he began serving his five-year prison sentence, police raided the house in Rivonia. Mandela was taken from his cell, and with the men arrested at the meeting, charged with sabotage and a conspiracy to overthrow the government by revolution. When Mandela opened the defense case he admitted that he was one of the persons who helped form Umkonto we Sizwe, but his impressive and sincere speech is not that of a man who enjoyed violence, but of one driven to violence as the last resort. "During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if need be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die." Of the nine accused, eight (six Africans, an Indian and a white) were found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Ruth First records: "They stood erect to hear the sentence and when it was passed they turned in a body to the packed court, smiled and waved their arms. . . . As he was driven away under heavy guard, Mandela gave the thumbs-up 'Afrika' salute of the African National Congress."

Within the border of the Republic of South Africa, resistance has been driven ever deeper underground. A few leaders wanted by the police are still alive and active, but overt opposition has been destroyed. Lawyers, teachers, ministers, factory workers, trade unionists, liberals and radicals have been exiled, banished, banned, imprisoned. Their voices cannot be heard, and they are prevented from hearing the voices of others. Books in which great men expressed noble ideals throughout the ages are prohibited; to publish the words of any person who is or has been banned is a criminal offense. Criticism is communism; thought is sabotage. South Africa has become a vast and terrifying prison.

117 Days and *No Easy Walk to Freedom* are powerful and dramatic books, voicing an eloquent and disturbing appeal to those who are outside South Africa to understand the nature and the tragedy of apartheid.

Stitches in a Wound

AFRICAN STORIES. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 636 pp. $7.95.

Mary Ellmann

As political and social evidence, Doris Lessing's *African Stories* confirm in precise and painful detail, like stitches in a wound, the abuse of the native population of Southern Rhodesia by the white settlers of British descent. To bring these stories together for the first time, when they have been dispersed over many years of writing, has a retrospective effect, summing up Mrs. Lessing's permanent image of the colonials: as fat, white, motionless grubs absorbing nourishment from an immense and ceaseless black exertion beneath them. Helpless without African labor in every corner of their lives, the colonials, in managing to extort that labor, experience sensations of independence and power. They grow as reluctant to leave as to stay in Rhodesia. Their vanity and complacence are marred only by their terror of rebellion.

Yet to the American reader, even this explicit statement of racial injustice in the stories seems a fantastic version of the familiar. The defensive sophistries ("Their stomachs aren't like ours"), the repressive pseudo-legalities, the passive contempt ("What can you expect?") of the Rhodesian settler are those of the American segregationist. We recognize, as in the semantic shifts of a nightmare, that the *cheeky native* is the *uppity nigger*, the *white kaffir* is the *nigger lover*, the Afrikaaners are, for the British, the *poor whites*. And there are further reaches of similarity in the stories: it is as though our own national guilts had swirled, in erosive release, half around the world, to settle again in new but still too recognizable patterns. As the *natives*, those from whom the country has been taken, the Rhodesians (in "The Old Chief Mshlanga") are like the American Indians, while as the blacks, from whom labor has been taken, they reflect the American Negroes.

In describing the first, the taking of the country, the stories are disturbing for an American too in their evocation of a second pioneer period. Doris Lessing's work is an uninterrupted study of loneliness, but here it is particularly the isolation of a few white exiles, claiming vast strange land. By daylight the men hope to exploit its fertility, the women to remake tiny plots into nostalgic postcard pictures of Home. But at night both are intimidated by the same country they may eventually subdue. So, almost comically, in all the stories, the whites, who think of themselves as warders, live like prisoners. Huddled, nervous, wary of an alien vegetation and an alien skin, they are deprived, as they would be in jail, of the privacies and subtleties they enjoyed in tiny, crowded England. Even their adulteries, as in "Old John's Place," must be cramped and audible, the invariable third stage of the colonial get-together. The more widely their control spreads, the more tightly the masters restrict their own freedom. Mrs. Lessing dwells — as she says in her preface, with "bile" — upon their self-encasements: their two-roomed, tin-roofed brick houses (fending off all seasons), their barred windows (fending off robbery and murder by those whom they have robbed and beaten), their screens (fending off exotic diseases) and, always, outdoors, their hats (fending off that most un-English sun). Even the eyes of the men, the last aperture through which the black might approach the white, are squinted almost shut. The women nurse headaches in darkened rooms or take solitary, errandless walks. Relieved by Africans of all the household chores except introspection, they circumnavigate

Mary Ellmann is currently preparing a book about women novelists for Harcourt, Brace & World. Her articles on fiction have appeared in Commentary.

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their geranium beds, asking themselves, "Who am I?"

There must be some gratification, then, for the Rhodesian nationalist in Mrs. Lessing's wry indictment of the white minority. But the nationalist is bound to want more than the moral degeneration of the colonialist; he is concerned with the restitution of native rights. For this purpose, the stories are more tortuous than explicit. Only one, "Hunger," is the sort of Marxist chronicle of the ideological rescue of the oppressed, which a politician might order from a writer. And such straight-faced hope is, for Mrs. Lessing, a literary accident. In general, her dramatic assumptions of naïveté do not produce her best stories. The observation of adult vagaries through little-white-girl eyes is skillful; though inevitably, after so many members of the wedding, its technique is somewhat obtrusive. And for Mrs. Lessing to think and speak as the primitive, in "Hunger" and "The Pig," is a waste. Her excellence is the ambivalence of the "civilized" (a word she dislikes), the analytic, even, in a high sense, the displaced mind, and to repress that in order to assume a simple, native consciousness is to fall into incredibility.

Mrs. Lessing is fond of her story "The Pig" because its style is *not* "feminine," but "straight, broad, direct." But this seems an envy, like Yeats's, of the spontaneous and instinctive by a writer who feels as much plagued as blessed by self-consciousness. The better stories are not those of the native, but those of the outsider, whose perceptions of the country, however sharp, are also oblique. The better subjects are two varieties of spectator: the resident, even from birth, of a country which never becomes quite his, and the new arrival. A paradigm of the second is "A Home for the Highland Cattle" in which an Englishwoman stands behind her curtains to overhear, with shock and envy and amusement, the houseboys' talk in the yard. The social, the *placed*, are outdoors, and indoors the individual longing to know and listening to understand.

For her first thirty years, while she thought of going to England, Doris Lessing seems to have listened to Southern Rhodesia as no other writer has been able to do. It remained, even after she had left it, all nature to her. As one associates her English work with flats and offices, one associates the African stories with swollen suns and moons, head-tall grass, and the secret constant stirring of animal

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life—her first novel about Africa was called *The Grass Is Singing.* Africa is for her not only a society in which the white people use their exile like a weapon against the black; but also a place, supporting both white and black, which endlessly enacts the conflict of forms, the effort of every living thing, at the cost of other living things, to achieve what is right for itself, its sustenance and continuation. Africa, not England, impressed the knowledge of necessary cruelty. In "Sunrise on the Veld" a boy watches battalions of ants carry off pink flesh bits of a screaming buck. Ants invade the metaphor of pubescent, ripening flesh, the pomegranate, in "Flavours of Exile." It is disconcerting, in fact, to come so repeatedly upon instances of anarchic hunger, the form of whose seeming formlessness is painful to trace, within stories of straightforward, even old-fashioned, organization. It is this preoccupation with a necessity, which in moral terms can seem a criminal chaos, that disrupts conventional literary form in *The Golden Notebook.*

The possibilities of human interventive pity are limited. In "A Letter from Home" a beetle impaled on a thorn wriggles free to fall on its back on the ground. A man impales it once more, fitting the thorn carefully back into the original puncture of the stomach, as he explains that in this way he rescues the beetle from the ants. But anger is irrelevant too. In "A Mild Attack of Locusts," after a swarm has destroyed a farm, the farmer compliments one locust on the strength of its legs and opens the door to let it fly off. In the face of natural cruelty, the stories insist upon a "resignation of knowledge," in much the way that the novel *Retreat to Innocence* insists upon a full knowledge of historical cruelty. So educated, the white settler is advised, at the least, to cultivate his own garden with "shrewd ironic patience." He works under an inhibitive weight, the recognition of a surrounding reluctance, which can be brushed (in "The Story of Two Dogs") with the tameness of love but which reverts easily to the wildness of killing. The settler's error, nonetheless, is the failure to honor the illusion of distinction between natural and human life. Irony lies in the simultaneous sense of illusion and the determination to maintain it. The settler who turns his gold mine into an ant heap, his African laborers into its scurrying ants, imitates a nature which, even without imitation, must always encroach upon human settlements, and must always, with each new season and new birth, be pressed back by the makeshift and surprisingly fragile devices of justice.

It seems an ironic grace in turn that, at the most inept moment of English relations with Southern Rhodesia, a writer who is English as well as Rhodesian should speak with so much talent to the point.

Robes of the Gods

For Stefan Hirsch, 1899-1964
(after his painting, "Robes of the Gods")

As the wind discovers itself
through fields of thistle, buckwheat,
great ragweed, like a carefree boy, blowing
his whistle out of a seed, split,
so the gods use us.
This painting,
garments racked on a line like gaudy,
hung-up slabs of beef, knows this; the gods,
a hum throughout, dress up in brave
and bloody carcasses.
Still, sly
as they are, loving to lie low, showing
off — a few of us their special finery — only
when they will, they don the crowd
for daily wear:
jeans, worsteds,
uniforms. But changes they propose here
too, from shrill mad children, newly dipped,
skipping in and out, designs-to-be,
to sots, hags, beggars,
patches
stitched into a motley. And the fitting
wardrobe inbetween, when, stript to nothing
but a shiny skein, a complex network
of taut veins,
lovers set off Mars
and Venus, wrapt in one another's arms;
like a battlefield, in the rough and tumble
of a naked bed, the lightning flashes
then, rain, shuddering.
Attached
to reels we cannot see, impulsive robes
which, brooding, breed, we feel the tugging:
moods our own, yet struggled through
us, rugged, violent.
And strange,
affecting wills that much as not resent,
and would resist, those powers filling them,
resent with horror greedy blotches
and the rips
the body must sustain
that very moment wills are all knit up
to forward them. By Jove, by God, by bowels
and wounds that Jesus bound him in,
what is this
most outrageous dress,
this breath that we spin out, on which
we're spun, this blundering flesh and blood
by which we, living, die, that must
at last be thrown
away with us?
And yet at times, though days yearlong
they seem to cast us off, cast into darkest
corners of a suffocating closet,
something stirs
as though we, nod-
ding, had snagged us to a god passing;
in a steadfast wind, like hides I once saw
drying, golden-airy, in a Pisan sun,
he takes us up.
Even as they, riot-
hearted, drag us, busy muck the highway,
into bedlam, its engrossing frolics enough
to crack our seams, a joy bursts
forth that's nameless,
whole, inexplicable.
And as they shine through us, like rags,
like slubbered stuff the fire, taking,
flourishes, we shine; through tears
and blood we, whirling, shine.

Theodore Weiss

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Nabokov As Novice

THE EYE. By Vladimir Nabokov. Trident Press/Phaedra Press. 114 pp. $4.50.

Stephen Koch

There aren't many surprises in *The Eye*, Nabokov's first novel (written in Russian in 1930), beyond the mild jolt of reading it as if it were new, now that its freshness and promise have been so thoroughly fulfilled. Though obviously germinal Nabokov, its faults are not those of the master but of the novice, and for that reason it hardly seems like Nabokov at all. *The Eye*—proud, elegant, unapologetic—forced one principally to appreciate the tenacious ingenuity with which Nabokov has developed his rather limited idea of fiction.

Thus far, *Lolita* and *Pale Fire* remain the most extraordinary books Nabokov has written, and with the exception of his Gogolesque study in surrealistic terror and comedy, *Invitation to a Beheading* (translated in 1959), they humiliatingly outdistance his other works. Nabokov is one of the few modern authors whose novels are all facets of an *oeuvre*, an extended literary project. But I doubt that he will be remembered for this project. Despite his great verbal gifts, his merely conventionally excellent works immediately reveal their trivial, antiquated forms. Finally, Nabokov's is a virtuoso, rather than original, genius. His greatness lies in certain spectacular manipulations of conventional, even reactionary, ideas.

All Nabokov's work is gripped by a tension between modernity and nostalgia; this seeker of the timeless must be located historically. In a now famous review of Nathalie Sarraute's *Portrait d'un inconnu*, Sartre named as a modern phenomenon a certain formal self-consciousness in Nabokov, Waugh and Sarraute herself, which adopts a wholly negative attitude toward such hoary, time-tested fictional concerns as psychology, the force of social convention, moral or thematic truth, and the like. Demoted from their eminence as the novel's subject, these became its techniques or, better, its devices, while the subject becomes fiction itself. Sartre is at least partly right: Nabokov's recurrent theme *is* self-consciousness, and not the homely process of self-examination so much as sensitivity to the implications of the narrative act—an awareness of what it means to re-create the world. The novel as art (understood as poetry, love, immortality, self-discovery) becomes the theme of the novel. It reflects on itself.

But formal self-awareness is nothing new, even in the novel, though the naturalistic tradition makes aesthetic naïveté seem, to some, a virtue. An entirely different problem complicates Nabokov's relation to his own time.

Nabokov has found in his own life the model for a literary convention—and an extremely *conventional* convention, at that—which governs all his activity. From his beginnings as a young Russian *émigré*, he has indulged the rigidly formulated, 19th-century romantic nostalgia that sees the poet as one at war with reality and his own time, who lives in exile, who speaks in a tongue too beautiful and too much his own for others to understand. This idea, lying at the heart of the 19th-century's pathos, is Nabokov's pretext for both his extraordinary wit and his "poetry"—those ingenious moments of lyric ecstasy in his books which we are to take as absolutely authentic transcendence. For Nabokov himself, this convention and fact have bisected each other with such horrible precision that one might expect his treatment of it to be painfully solemn. But strangely enough, he is almost never solemn; he overplays the formula in the name of comedy (flattening, for example, American social reality to make it seem even more intractable and Philistine than it is) while he undermines the lyric tendency with perversion, vulgarity, simple-mindedness. Though he still dreams of its overreaching ecstasy (and seems to attain it) Nabokov has shifted the romantic agony into the realm of wit.

Nabokov's major devices: his style; his propensity for allusion and metaphor; his inevitable bifurcation of the narrator are all devices for ambivalence. Even in *The Eye*, where they are behind not wit but a polished and extended joke, such devices are meant to dissolve the moralizing solemnity the "real" is supposed to invoke. Humiliated by the outraged husband of his mistress, a fumbling Russian *émigré* tries to shoot himself, wakes up in a hospital, and believes himself his own ghost. Within this ethereal liberation, free to think of himself as an object, he becomes fascinated by the mystery of another, flesh-and-blood man who turns out, of course, to be himself.

Ever since the shot—the shot which, in my opinion, had been fatal—I had observed myself with curiosity instead of sympathy, and my painful past—before the shot—was now foreign to me. . . . In respect to myself, I was now an onlooker. My belief in the phantomatic nature of my existence entitled me to certain amusements.

But all this is Nabokov in theory alone. However conceived, fragmenting the narrator's identity must be upheld by a style to succeed. In place of a style, *The Eye* has a clean, graceful manner which contributes nothing to the book. The wit of the later works does serve a purpose; it bases itself on the more profound ambivalences being developed by turning on itself, *becoming aware of itself* as the work

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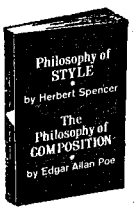

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of a poet who, in the name of beauty, is cheating reality with words.

The attitude toward words is the decisive issue in Nabokov's art: it underlies his romance, and it underlies his modernist irony. Nabokov the romantic nostalgist wants to re-create reality and evoke traditional beauty in the fumes of language. Nabokov the ironist and wit ("Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul") uses words to laugh at themselves in recognition of how questionable this process is. But even drenched in wit, Nabokov finally insists upon recouping the losses the poet has suffered under modernism. Thus, Humbert does finally "share" an "immortality" with Dolly: he completes his creative act by renouncing her and freeing her for the realm of art—a realm which, even at this late date, Nabokov wants to exist in *pathetic* relation to facts. An absolutely standard, creakingly archaic pathos over the artist as outcast, the beloved as lost, stops the irony with a tragic overtone.

This entire convention is now so exhausted and suspect that Nabokov is forced to treat it as the pretext for wit. Yet, his commitment to it is that of an unflinching traditionalist. More than anything else, he wants its ecstasy to be real. The actual conflict in Nabokov is not between the poet and reality, but between the ironic novelist and the ecstatic poet. The latter, who is the hidden genius of all his work, must see his timeless vision as rendering temporal reality inauthentic. But the novelist who bases his art on a conflict between imagination and fact can never wholly discredit the durability of fact. Nabokov resolves this contradiction through a sly subversion. Reality is undermined with wit, and poetry triumphs.

Yet, such poetry claims to derive its value from a novelistic conflict that does not really exist. Nabokov is perfectly aware of this, and it doesn't trouble him in the least. True to the most advanced insights into the substitution of formal manipulations for mimetics, Nabokov feels no obligation to make his situation felt as life might be felt. "Art is free," he seems to say. "If my poetry is there, it's there." But the thrill of *Lolita's Liebestod* or the more abstract aesthetics of *Pale Fire* rather resembles the *frisson* of bumping into Napoleon in a waxworks. It is astoundingly convincing perhaps, but there is something vulgar in trying to make a lost, glorious past look so real.

Whereas Nabokov has been unable to resurrect the true grandeur of his convention, the aspiration to do so undoubtedly saves his work from the flashiness and vulgarity that repeatedly threatens it. On the other hand, his wit and the stunning ingenuity of his formal devices (particularly in *Pale Fire*) easily surpass those of any other novelist now writing in English. But his literary virtues gnaw at one another, undermine one another, and tend to become the vices of gratuitous verbal display and *ersatz* transcendence. Nabokov defends his own work on the basis of a narrow hedonism, the "aesthetic bliss" his work provides. But this is not enough for the great and antiquated form of human nobility he has adopted, which resolves itself *beyond* hedonism. Somewhere he is aware of this—perhaps it underlies the truculence of his public position and the extreme, virtually metaphysical importance he attaches to his work. The anti-novelist in him is willing to examine the romantic idea in the light of cruel irony. But the aristocratic *émigré* who lingers over Pushkin will not tolerate the slightest suspicion of its final value. Nabokov's "bliss" is not self-contained or serene. It is not even elevated. It is intensely hortatory, virulently nostalgic. The greatest traditionalist now writing in English stands on modern literature's shakiest ground.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARAT/SADE

Everyone should be grateful to the Royal Shakespeare Company of London for bringing its production under Peter Brook's direction of Peter Weiss's *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade* to the Martin Beck Theatre. Whether or not you are going to like it, you ought to see it. For when all is said and done—and much is done and said through the hubbub of the performance—the production is a fascinating entertainment. For scrupulous care in make-up, for subtlety in costuming, for ingenuity in dealing with movement, for the feeling of novelty throughout, New York has not seen the like in a long time. We witness here what a well-organized repertory theatre of talented players and leaders can accomplish.

In last week's issue I observed how certain people, having seen a "shocking" play, remark first of all that it is "well written." In like manner, much of the talk during the intermission of *Marat/Sade* centered on Peter Brook's "use of space." It is indeed brilliant. So is Richard Peaslee's incidental music. Even more persuasively theatrical are the sound effects—for example, the employment of the wooden platforms as "drums," to be struck by whatever objects are available to the actors. Breughel, Bosch, Goya have provided models for the visual aspect of various figures. There is a memorable grouping in which the actors' faces alone are seen, their bodies being submerged beneath the stage floor. The impression is that of a heap of severed heads tossed helter-skelter on the ground. There is witty business to match the playfulness of the text, such as the pouring of red paint from a pail to indicate the shedding of the people's blood, changed to blue when the aristocrats' blood is spilled, and then to milky white when Marat finally succumbs to Corday's murderous knife.

More impressive perhaps than all this is the actors' zeal, their unrelenting concentration and byplay so that nothing on the stage is allowed to become static or to fall out of line. Even the musicians in the side boxes participate in pantomime. Voices are resonant, diction is admirable, though I could not always make out the words of the ensemble singing.

The kind of acting demanded, though physically strenuous, is of the simplest sort, requiring attitudes and postures rather than intimate emotional transfiguration. The well-managed trick for most of the cast is to show that the "actors" of the play they are presenting at Charenton are syphilitics, spastics, catatonics, schizophrenics, paranoiacs, manic depressives or otherwise debilitated persons, none of them consistently able to remember the script's lines or to keep within the confines of the author's (de Sade's) scenic scheme. The team work is exemplary.

Of the individuals in the excellent company, Ian Richardson as Marat, Patrick Magee as de Sade, Robert Lloyd as the fanatic Jacques Roux, John Steiner as an aristocrat afflicted with satyriasis, Susan Williamson as Marat's ever faithful mistress, Si-

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monne Evrard, Michael Williams as the Herald (master of ceremonies) deserve special mention though my particular favorite, an actress of insidious attractiveness, is Glenda Jackson as Charlotte Corday.

Apart from noting "the use of space," the professionally oriented playgoer may speak of Brecht and "alienation" or of Artaud's "theatre of cruelty." The production is punctuated by frenzied paroxysms, as the text is replete with images of extreme violence. There is also—and this is not as noticeable in an English translation as it would be in the original German—a good deal of expressionist hysteria (abhorred by Brecht), a kind of roaring and macabre lyricism.

It should be noted in regard to influences, which though they have a certain interest do not affect the heart of the matter, that while many of Brecht's devices are employed—the most salient being the use of remote historical material to make topical points—certain elements in the production, almost baroque in their profusion and nerve-racking in their intended impact, are antithetical to Brecht. It should also be said, of a production in which the staging very nearly swallows the script, that Weiss's text might be produced with less emphasis on the hectic and bizarre, and that the insanity of the characters need not have been rendered with as much graphic distortion as Brook has employed. In that case although the results would not be quite so showy, we might more readily discern what Weiss had in mind.

What is certainly untrue, as some have intimated, is that there is no *play*, no meaning or message in Weiss's writing. Here we come to the question of the evening's real worth, of which discussion limited to its stage excitement is actually an evasion. (Do *you* go to the theatre to enjoy "the use of space"?) In Germany where it was first produced *Marat/Sade* was pre-eminently a political play. (To be sure it also reveals Weiss as a master of the theatrical medium, quite apart from Brook's contribution.) It is a particularly German political play though its author lives in Sweden and stresses his internationalism. There is a reference to the "Final Solution" (the Nazi extermination of the Jews), but the issues raised extend beyond such history. Even allusions to "wars whose weapons rapidly developed by servile scientists will become more and more deadly until they can with a flick of a finger tear a million of you to pieces" are not of the utmost moment here.

Marat/Sade is a debate within its author's spirit. The political issue which gave rise to it is the division of Germany (and the rest of Europe) into capitalist and Socialist camps. In this play Weiss stands between the two camps. He sees fascism beaten and capitalism still oppressively hypocritical. He sees an apparently victorious socialism lead to a crippling conformity. His skepticism turns to bitterness; anxiety to despair. Man is a destructive beast as Weiss's de Sade (who arrives at his sadism through masochism) says; the people still demand a revolution which will realize the everlasting dream of peace, plenty, freedom of conscience and expression.

Again and again, as the songs in *Marat/Sade* voicing this dream are turned into satires, Weiss mocks the idea that any political action can end oppression. All determined struggle in this direction, he seems to be saying, the promises of all social, cultural and religious institutions, end in betrayal. Remember that all the central characters in the play—including the most articulate, the ultra-radical Marat and the mortified de Sade—are demented, their world a madhouse.

Weiss does not make the Marat/Sade duel a one-sided affair. He tosses and turns in indecision. The final lines of the play are Roux's outcry, "When will you learn to see, when will you learn to take sides?," an outcry stifled by the People's trance-like march and shouts. Yes, one must take sides but isn't there something futile, Weiss infers, in it all? To which, Weiss or Brook has appended an ironically facetious speech telling us that we can compose our own moral, draw our own conclusions, from the proceedings.

That I am not wholly mistaken in my interpretation I call Weiss himself (apart from his text) in evidence. He has recently announced that since the writing of *Marat/Sade* he has changed his attitude, he has decided to take sides: he has become a Socialist. But for the playgoer or the critic it is perhaps not initially imperative to declare oneself on the validity of Weiss's position in this play but simply to recognize that the play aims to illustrate the anguish of decision, the gravity of the human problem involved: that social change always entails the possibility of sanguinary upheaval—a price too terrible to pay in view of man's disposition to turn the most high-minded enterprises to mediocrity, and in the end to perpetuate injustice.

Yet I left the theatre unmoved, almost indifferent. (I was reminded of Tolstoy's quip about Andreyev: "He wants to frighten me, but I'm not scared.") I am moved by the "coolness" of the Berliner Ensemble in Brecht's *Mother Courage*. In like manner I am truly concerned about Galileo's dilemma in the same author's account of it. With *Marat/Sade* I am left only with a sense of an adult entertainment—surely a precious boon these days—rather than stirred by any vitalizing thought or feeling about the play's subject matter, ostensibly of crucial importance.

It is true that when Coulmier, the asylum's supervisor, jumps up to intervene—after Roux has shouted, "Once and for all the idea of glorious victories won by the glorious army must be wiped out. Neither side is glorious"—with the admonition, "This is outright pacifism. At this very moment our soldiers are laying down their lives for the freedom of the world and of our world," the audience applauds (and how delighted many of us are that it does) in recognition of the attack upon a contemporary parallel. Still, I venture to say that it is not really engaged in the play's theme, never truly disturbed by the cardinal question raised, or stimulated to search itself for an answer. LeRoi Jones's savagery (another sort of

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"theatre of cruelty") appalls us. *Marat/Sade* converts all our political and intellectual concern into display, an artful fun house, a magnificent toy. It is distinguished decoration, first-class theatrical "salesmanship."

Whether or not this is due in part to the sort of brilliant direction Brook has given the play, the fact remains that most of the text, though cleverly or cutely phrased in deliberate doggerel or near verse, is trite. There are long passages popularizing primary existentialist pronouncements as understood in cafés, and often reduced, despite Germanic vehemence, to a facile pessimism very comforting at bottom to the presumably despised bourgeoisie.

Since *Marat/Sade* is a dramatization of political inconclusiveness or nihilism, a position which many smart folk nowadays equate with true wisdom, I shall set down my own sentiments in regard to the misgivings which the play enunciates.

Yes: the French Revolution was followed by Napoleon's autocracy, the hopes of the early Russian revolutionaries were mangled into Stalinism, the war against Hitler has brought Germany, France and Italy to various degrees of stultifying complacency. History offers no guarantees. If pressed hard enough, men will assert their livingness to the point of bloodshed to achieve what they deem to be a better life. Man moves and sometimes fights because he *is* man and wants to make a world according to his material and spiritual needs. This is an impulse, if you will, a fact of nature, to which I say "yea"—no matter how often history appears to negate man's efforts. One does not even have to believe in Progress to assent to and justify the never-ending struggle. As long as there are creatures on earth more sentient than computers, men will, because they must, make choices, and they will not be deterred by what wiseacres in the future may decide as to the sagacity of these choices. When asked, "Is life worth living?," Samuel Butler answered: "That is a question for a foetus not for a man." To despair because man's extreme efforts to modify conditions of social injury or physical misery frequently result in new humiliations is to be either an intellectual sissy or a moral coward.

The best compliment I can tender *Marat/Sade* is that it has provoked me to this declaration. And if anyone objects that in approaching the play in this manner I have exceeded the bounds of the "trade," that is, gone beyond the theatre, I must once again affirm that unless theatre and theatre criticism do this they both become paltry and inconsequential. "He knows no drama who only drama knows."

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

The Spy Who Came in From the Cold is endowed with the best thriller script since, let's say, *The 39 Steps*—John Le Carré in his own very different style being the peer of John Buchan at spider webs. Given half a chance, then, the picture is bound to rise out of the detergent bubbles of contemporary film traffic. It gets that half chance and is as good entertainment as you can find on the screen this month. The pity is that it wasn't given the production it deserved, in which case we might have had a film for the museum archives and the late, late shows of twenty years hence.

The story is a masterpiece of ironic heroics, of expectations frustrated, of red-herring disclosures. Much of this carries over to the screen, but a trouble is that director Martin Ritt has a defective sense of timing. His camera work — pseudo-naturalistic — is good, with a fine appreciation for the chill of bleak lighting. Such effects are routine in present-day cinema but they are here well done. What Ritt seems not to understand is the mechanics of tension. This is noticeable at the opening, where he keeps us hanging around Checkpoint Charlie until the suspense slides out from under the scene and the clap of violence comes as anticlimax. Time and again, the air leaks out of his carefully pumped up situations; it is a bad fault in a spy yarn because it allows you the distraction to wonder about plausibility and even Le Carré's sophisticated espionage won't stand too much cold logic.

Then the casting is not as good as it should have been, considering that the book pivoted its suspense primarily on character. Richard Burton, the spy of the title, is at the center of almost every scene, and he cannot develop enough individuality to keep interesting. He can look sodden, resentful, suspicious, remorseful, but he can play no changes on these flat statements. Also, he is physically the wrong man for the job: Alec Leamas, the spy, was not an ex-athlete gone to seed, but more a lawyer's clerk with too much on his conscience. Alec Guinness, maybe, or Donald Pleasence. Claire Bloom, as his girl friend in the spiritualist library, lacks the spinster desperation that makes the character's impetuosity both convincing and poignant.

Oskar Werner as the Jewish East German interrogator and zealot is first rate—inventive, surprising, so substantial that his fate matters. On the other hand, Peter Van Eyck's conception of the blond Nazi beast is a waxworks absurdity. *The Spy Who* is an uneven achievement, aiming for implacability but skittering off too frequently to the safety of movie platitudes. It is still worth seeing for its triple-cross clockwork—a machinery that requires alert attention. The key to staying with it is never to assume that Alec Leamas understands the game he is playing.

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